

CYNTHIA:
WITH THE
Tragical Account
OF THE
Unfortunate LOVES
OF
Almerin and Desdemona:
Being a
NOVEL.

ILLUSTRATED

With Variety of the Chances of Fortune;
Moraliz'd with many Useful Observa-
tions drawn from thence, whereby the
Reader may reap both Pleasure and
Profit.

Done by an *English* Hand.

The Fifth Edition, Corrected.

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TO THE READER.

READER,

IF Study be the Soul of Understanding, who would not be Studious? Since Knowledge only is the School-mistress of Sublime and Illustrious Spirits, and makes them transcend the Vulgar as far as the Sun excels the Moon in Brightness; (for what difference is between a Man, presuming to be Man, not being Learned, and a Beast?) What certain Joy, true Honour, or great Profit, can a Man challenge unto himself, and not look for sudden Vicissitudes to alter them into a worse State than they were before, through the Inconstancy of our Human Condition? Where then shall we seek for those great and rare Properties; to find that which of itself will be unto us both Profitable and Pleasant altogether, and that not for a Moment, but for ever? Truly in Knowledge, which First is able to mollifie Man's Nature, being before Savage and Wild, and to make it capable of Reason. Secondly, Frameth and Settlesh his Judgment, that he may pass the Course of his Life in all Tranquility of Mind, to the Profit of

Mar. Aur.

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many. Lastly, Causes him to die in Honour, with certain Assurance of certain Anacharsis. Life and Happiness. Contrariwise, saith the Philosopher, Idleness is a Thing like a Cankering Rustiness to the Body, and to the Soul; and as an Eating Consumption, it wasteth and bringeth to nought both Vertue and Strength; it is the Grave of Living Men; it is a Thing wherein Life dieth, and thereby the Soul of Man is Twice buried in him, once in his Body, and next in his Sloth.

I examined and discerned the Difference to be vast betwixt Vice and Vertue, between Learning and Ignorance, betwixt Sloth and Activeness, between a Wise Man and a Fool; and then I approved of that Wise Saying of Aristippus. the Famous Aristippus, (Better it is to be a Beggar than a Rich Man without Learning.) I considered the whole Life of Man, that he continues but a small Time here, and the Moity of this Moment he lets pass in Sottish Sleep, which is Death's Cousin German, so that he dies living; and when Death takes him hence his Memory dies with him, and goes into Oblivion. I contemplated the Misery of Worldly Men, that like Ants toil and labour for Wealth, and in the midst of their Hopes go down to the Grave, and go to give an Account for the gathering and using the same, and that perhaps to their perpetual Damnation; whilst, in the mean time, other Companions in the World do live merrily and pleasantly upon that he hath gotten, little remembering, or less caring for him that, perhaps, lyes burning in Unquenchable Fire for those Riches unrighteously heaped, and left unto them. Nor was the Lascivious Man forgotten in my Memory, who
leaves

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leaves no *Stratagem* unattempted, no *Crafty Design* untried, nor no *Wickedness*, let it be never so horrid, undone to accomplish his Lust, which, alas, vanishes in a Moment, and leaves an *After-Repentance*. With what impetuosity such Men pursue their own Shadows, embracing Vice, while Vertue walks along unregarded.

This caused Antisthenes, be- Antisthenes.
ing asked of a Man what was best to learn, he returned him this Answer, To unlearn the Evil thou hast learned; that is, to return back from the Highway to Hell to the School of Vertue; that Man travels a long Way from Home that never looks back; and he is in a lost Condition that never thinks of amending.

These Considerations agreeing with my vacant Hours, gave Being to this succeeding History; in the Study of which I found the Treasures of a Soul indew'd with Reason, which is a Happiness wherein all Human Felicity consisteth, and which never breeds Vexation of Spirit. What shall I say? In the Continuance of which I found a pleasing Solitary Companion for the tedious Winter Nights? Was I in Love, here I found a Mistress to Court, with a clearer Satisfaction and Delight than those Passions that vanish in the Fruition. Was I in Adversity, here I found a Comforter. Was I in Prosperity, the Knowledge of what I was made my Joys solid, and so kept me from being Arrogant. Was I Fortunate, then I considered the Vicissitudes of Fortune. And when I seemed overwhelmed in the Gulph of Despair, I could ride securely by the Anchor of Hope, and expect a Calm. Thus from the Off-spring of my Idle Hours I purchased to my self both Pleasure and Profit, and that not for a Moment, but to Perpetuity. I speak not this

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in Ostentation, that I exceed the Meanest, but the happy Change the Imitation of Vertue has produced; of which I hope the Reader will participate with me.

The Story itself is Romantick Poetry, the issue of my own Genus; the Discourse is Love, a Passion of all other most lovely and agreeable to the Fancy; so Inviting and sweetly Charming that Reason itself cannot stand in Competition against it; yet so necessary that a Wise Man once said, To see Love banished our Streets, is as to see the Horizon without a Sun, or the Year without a Spring. This Labyrinth, wherein Wise Men lose themselves, and Fools recover their Wits; where Wisdom runs a Wooll-gathering, and Passion guides the Helm, I present unto you as a Mirrour that will demonstrate the Difference betwixt Love and Lust; wherein Vertue is illustrated in the Persons of Cynthia and Orsamus, and Vice figured to the Life in the Person of Almerin, or [Still worse and worse] this is a more full Story, where the Walks are the Gloomy Shades of Death, the Discourse is dismal, the Narration lamentable, the Adventures tragical, and the Examples woful. Wherein are presented the Snares of Love, the Credulity of Innocency, the Heat of Affection, the Fire of Lust, the Fruits of Rashness, and the Reward of Perjury; and may this you shall hear related beget Profit as well as Pleasure, that by others Harms we may learn to avoid our own, wisely to shelter our selves from the threatening Storm, and so grow cautious to shun those Rocks where others have suffered Shipwrack. Let Beauteous Maidens here learn to prize their Honour, and set a high Esteem on their Chastity,

by

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by the woful Example of Fair Desdmona; and let all Fathers avoid Anger and Passion by the Example of Artemidorus, who occasioned by his Folly the Sanguine Part of this mournful Story. Let all Virgins beware how to bestow their Love by the Example of Poor Artemesia; and let all Parents here behold the Miseries of Enforced Marriage in the Example of Almerin. The whole History being a Sweet Summary of Bitter Calamities proceeding only from the same Cause. Thus we may read with Delight the Disasters of others, making their Misfortunes our Advantage; for there is a kind of Voluptuousness in the Rehearsal of past Miseries; a Pleasure even in Misery itself, Experience doth daily teach us. When we consider how the Sea of our Misfortunes doth ebb and flow with the various Shapes of Hope and Despair; how impetuous the Storms, and how wonderful are the Vicissitudes and Changes of this Nature from thence proceeding. Thus from this Relation may be sucked some Honey as well as Poyson: For if from the greatest Venom may be extracted an Antidote to expel the Operation and Force of the strongest Poyson, then from this Bulk of Misfortunes, judiciously and seriously considered, the Ingenious Reader may gather Good, and no Harm, by the Reading of this Lamentable Story.

Tully tells us, That in Time of Old People were Dull and Barbarous, Rude and Forward, Unsensible and Uncapable of any Tully. Serious Study: To this End and Purpose many of our Antients have written Curious Stories, many of which are yet extant, to reclaim the Mind of the Multitude, which are apt and prone enough to hear Folly: Witness Diogenes the Cynick, who when he had any Grave Matter to relate,

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he would call the People to hear him, which when they regarded not, he would Sing merrily, to which when many resorted, he would say, To hear Foolishness ye run apace, but to hear any Weighty Matter ye scarce put forth your Foot. From this Cause only Fables and Romances took their first Original: Wise Men endeavouring to make the Vulgar grow Wise by their own Folly, drawing them with that Bait they most dearly affected; for what is a Fable but a silent Representation of a more Weighty Matter? And what is History but a lively Essence, describing the pleasing Transports of the Soul? By this Craft they made Vice to assist Vertue, and Satan to be foiled in his own Weapons. Thus by presenting the Shadow they caused them to embrace the Substance; so have I seen a careful Mother first nurse her Child with the Teat, then with a Spoon, and after with Stronger Meat: Did not the Best of Men speak in Parables? And what is a Parable but a Thing sympathizing and agreeing with a Matter of greater Value, helping to explain it more lively to the Capacity of the Auditors, to whom it is related. Indeed, what are the Heavens and the Earth drawn and presented unto the Eye by Art, but a Secret History or Similitude, declaring the Majesty and Power of our Great Creator? Like as when we see a small Beam of the Sun, we apprehend in Reason it has its Original from a greater; such indeed has been, and should be still, the Intentions of all those that write Parables, Fables, or Romantick History, to season them with Morals and Observations, so applying them to a Vertuous End, that as little Rivolets they may wth the Reader e'er be aware unto the River of Vertue, and Ocean of all Felicity.

Such

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Such I did intend this succeeding History, in which there is no Eminent Example but is illustrated and stored with fruitful Observations, for the Profit and Behoof of the Reader, striking the Iron whilst it is hot; so making use of the Advantage whilst the Example is fresh in Memory: For I believe nothing can demonstrate or represent any Thing so lively as when we have the speaking Example evident before our Eyes. Here is History curiously woven and intermixed with Things moral and divine, the Pleasure and the Profit is bound up in one entire Nosegay, and it seems impossible to sever the one without the Ruin of the other; so have I seen a careful Physician mix the Bitter Portion with Honey, for the better Digestion of his Patient. Zeno being demanded how a Man might become happy; answered, If he drew near unto, and haunted Zeno. the Dead; meaning thereby, if he read Histories, and endeavour'd to learn their good Instruction; and here thou hast no small Variety of Presidents out of Modern Authors gather'd by my Industry, and replanted as I found Opportunity to place them.

The Total Sum or Moral of the whole History is soon cast up, by examining it with that Saying of the Wise Man, That a Just Man falls Seven Times and Prov. 24. 16. riseth again, but the Wicked fall into Mischief: That is, the Upright Man is subject to many Dangers, but God delivereth him out of his Distress, making his very Misfortunes an Addition to his Joys. Oh, what Heavenly Comfort, (says an Ancient Father) do they inwardly feel, who are delighted with the Remembrance of Sufferings past, with the Fruition of

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Joys present, and with the Expectation of Felicities to come ! This Happiness is represented in the History of Cynthia and Orsamus. Wicked Men are figured in the Person of Almerin, for Evil Men and Deceivers shall wax worse and worse, their Portion shall be cursed in the Earth ; and as a Vers. 18, 19. Fall on a Pavement is very sudden, so shall the Fall of the Wicked come hastily ; because God strikes not presently the Wicked are set to do Evil ; but although Heaven be slow in Punishment, yet when they strike they strike sure ; for God spares the Wicked not in Mercy, but in Justice. Ob how suddenly do they consume, perish, and come to a Fearful End ! Yea, even like a Dream when one awaketh, so shall their Memory vanish. Compare Times past with your daily Experience, and prove them both by this History, and you will find it no New Thing, that the Vertuous Man is made Shotfree against the strongest Batteries of Fortune, by the Assistance he receives from above, while the Vicious Person falls from bad to worse ; Heaven above pursues him as an Enemy, and Hell below is ready to receive him, so that he is miserable here, and wretched to Eternity in the World to come. Examine the whole History by this Touchstone, and you cannot miscarry ; let this Moral be the North-pole you would sail by, and you cannot receive a Wreck ; season it with such Salt, and you may read and not receive a Surfeit ; for History thus used is Water turned into Wine. If these Considerations on the Lives of Just and Wicked Men do but perswade and oblige thee to examine thy own, I have the Fruition of my Wishes, and Recompence of my Time.

Cynthia,

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Cynthia, (the Title of the Book) a Name of Diana, or the Moon, taken from Cynthus, a Hill in Delos, where Fancies of Poets say she was Born; a Planet, as Mathematicians affirm, that takes her Circuit in the lowest Orb; that receives what Light she enjoys from a greater; that in her greatest Splendor is not without Spots. This may serve for a silent Emblem to excuse the Errata's of the whole History, which in the Eyes of many may seem fair; but when an Artist comes to survey it, it will not be found without Faults, (since Nature perfected it, and not Art;) many Faults are in the Orthography, many Errors o'erpass'd in the Ingrossing; therefore I accuse my self to save the Curious Critick a Labour, who finds Faults in others, yet amends not his own: Yet to the Judicious and Partial Man I submit my self, who knows how to scan and pass by Infant Faults. What I have writ was for my Diversion, not Timeousness; for to write to fear, is to be sick only to be well again, and that I never had Intention to be.

It is histor'd of Alexander the Great, when he laid Siege to any Great City he set up a Light in the midst of his Army, to signifie unto the Besieged if they submitted themselves before that Light was burnt out they should receive Mercy; but that being once out there was nothing to be expected but Fire and Sword. This may be alluded to the Day-light of this Life, which God hath given us to repent in, the Date of which being once at an End, and Death taking hold upon us, there is nothing to be expected but a certain looking for of Judgment. Let this invite thee,
thou

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thou that readeſt this Book, to live virtuoſly, that thou may'ſt be happy for ever. Thou I ſay, that art now Luſty and Frolick, Jovial and Merry, enriched with Wealth, compaſſed with Friends; Oh conſider how ſoon thy laſt Minutes may ſeize upon thee, and the Night approach, wherein no Man can work! To come to a Period; Be Good betimes, ſhine like a Diamond amongſt a World of Rubbiſh; there was a Good Joſeph in Ægypt, a Good Lot in Sodom, a Good Job in the Land of Uz; Vertue ſhines moſt reſplendent when Vices are moſt abundant. To the Almighty I leave thee, to thy Guardian Angel I commit thee, wiſhing you may be happy in all Things but Unhappineſs, that you may be Poor in the World, but Rich in Heaven; that you may not live long, but well; ſo guiding our Lives here, that we may never be afraid of Death, but embrace him, as being one that transports us from this Vale of Woe, to the Heaven of Eternal Blifs; unto which happy Place bring us all, Lord Jeſus. Amen.

CYNTHIA.

From forth a Desert and unfrequented Wood, in the East Parts of *Albion*, abutting to the Sea, issued out a Woman, and seated herself upon a Carpet of Sweet Flowers, embroidered there by the Hand of Nature : She resembled *Diana*, the Beauriful Huntress of the Woods ; or more Fair, if possible : One would have taken her for a Celestial Deity if the succeeding Vicissitudes of Fortune had not strongly perswaded she was a Mortal Beauty. Indeed the Purity of her Complexion seemed to excel the new-fallen Snow, but Sorrow had gathered the Carnations of her Cheeks. All the Features of her Face had so near a Kindred, and formed to so rare a Proportion, that she seemed Nature's Master-piece ; or rather, sympathized something of that Divinity whose Name she bore. From her Eyes darted a Lustre, mingled with a Vivacity so penetrating, and therewith so charming, that it was impossible for the most confident Soul to make a Resistance. This prodigious Creature, after she had search'd every vacant Place with her Eye, fearing to be over-heard, with a troubled and low Voice she began as followeth :

' O my Dear, though Absent, *Orsamus*! To
 ' whose Merits I never yet gave any Reward ;
 ' whose Complaints I could never be induced to
 ' Pity! When *Neptune* Shipwrecked thee upon
 ' this Shore I little thought thy Presence would
 ' beget me such Disquiet, or that thy Absence
 ' should produce such Remorse. O Duty! O
 ' Love! To what Extreems do you hurry me ?
 ' And what Enemies are you to my Rest? The
 ' Birds that live in these unfrequented Woods,
 ' on the wild Benefit of Nature, live happier
 ' than I: For they may chuse their Mates, and
 ' carol their sweet Pleasures to the Spring; but
 ' by the cruel Commands of a Father I am for-
 ' ced to neglect the Person I love; and dis-
 ' esteem the Services of One with Disdain whose
 ' Welfare I prize above my Life; who once lost
 ' I would not bid a Welcome to the dearest Good
 ' the World can afford me. But alas! The
 ' Time draws near that will make a perpetual
 ' Divorce. Unfortunate *Orsamus*, by thy Ab-
 ' sence; Miserable *Cynthia*, by thy Folly.

Scarce had these Words took a Farewel
 from her Mouth, when from an adjacent Part
 of the Wood issued out a Man, richly apparel-
 led, and bent his Steps directly to the Place
 where she sat. Her Eyes had no sooner found
 him out but with excess of Grief she uttered
 these Complaints, ' O cruel Heavens! Do you
 ' take a Pleasure in tormenting submitting In-
 ' nocence, that you Conduct this Monster, the
 ' Enemy of my Content, and Fatal Disturber of
 ' my Quiet, so fortunately to the Place of my
 ' Concealment! Now farewell my Poor *Or-*
 ' *samus*; I shall only stay here amongst the Liv-
 ' ing to consecrate the Relicks of a languish-
 ' ing Life to thy Dear Memory.

By

By this time the unknown Person had lessened the distance that parted 'em, courting her with many Complements; and seating himself by her Side he accosted her with this Discourse: 'Madam, *said he*, your Father expects you with Ardency, and is in fearful Apprehensions of the certainty of your Safety. Why, 'Madam, *continued he*, at such a time as this do you seek out Solitude, and so carefully shun the Person that adores you? Why these Clouds, my Dear Princess, on a Joyful Day? Wherefore these Tears, too too precious to be thus lavishly cast away? Why are my promising Joys overcast with such fearful Omens, and my sweetest Hopes vanished? Tell me, O tell me! Joy of my Bliss, what may occasion your Disquiet, that with the Peril of my Life I may procure a Remedy?

This Fair Unknown was preparing for a Reply, when they were disturbed with a Noise from the Neighbouring Thicket; and casting their Eyes about to understand the Cause of that Surprizal, when behold there rushed out a Man whose unexpected Appearance was quickly become their Astonishment: His Visage was Pale, and clouded over with Grief; in all the Regards and Lineaments of his Face appeared a natural Fierceness; his whole Composure shewed the Evidence of something so Great and Noble, that spake him to Command others, Born to disesteem the whole World, and think it held none fit to be his Rival; his Stature was Tall, his Gesture Noble, every Action Becoming, and all Majestick.

He set his Face, and directed his hasty Steps to the Place where they sat; but his Presence put them both into a Confusion. He no sooner presented himself to their sight, but fixing his Eyes wholly on this Fair Unknown, as the Load-stone of his Will, and Centre of all his Happiness, with a Rapture of Joy he suddenly cast himself at her Feet, embracing her Knees with a strange Emotion of Spirit: ‘ O my Divine Princess, *said he*, Beautiful Cause of all my Misfortunes, and Cruel Original of all my Miseries! How careful has Fortune been to make me happy, when I intended to sacrifice the Fragments of this wretched Life to your Severity? I have yet this Comfort left me in Death, to complain to you of your Injustice.

All this time a wavering Colour often went and came in her Cheeks, that she became stiffened with Astonishment, as if she had been Plaguet-struck; but at last calling back that Assurance her sudden Surprizal had sequestered. ‘ Gods! *said she*, Is this *Orsamus* himself I see before me? Yes, *replied he*, it is *Orsamus*, if you have not cast the Memory of so poor a Wretch into Oblivion, that is come to offer up the last Remains of a miserable Life at your Feet. This said, he disembraced himself from her Knees, and with a look full of Terror, he drew his Sword to pierce his Breast with that Fatal Weapon. But *Cynthia* no sooner saw that glittering Minister of Death unsheathed, but giving a grievous Shriek she fell into a deadly Swound; when suddenly casting his Eyes about he saw this first Gallant sitting like one Metamorphos’d, or a Statue without Life; and

and suddenly calling him to Remembrance ,
' Oh ! (*try'd he,*) have I found you, the only
' Opposer of my Bliss ? Can you think to go
' safely away with that Prize is only due to my
' Services ? If you know how to own a Good,
' maintain the Interest you would challenge in
' this Divine Creature with your Sword. Say-
ing this, he presented his Sword against his
Breast ; but he never moved from the Place
where he sat, neither did he endeavour to
make any Motion of Defence.

In this interim of Time the Friends and At-
tendants of this Gallant, whose Name was *Cordello*, who had been in quest of him in the most
Secret Parts of the Wood, hearing a Distur-
bance, came up unto him, and seeing *Cordello*
in danger, at that Moment they made in, and
rescued him out of his Hands, when no doubt
he had acted the last Catastrophe and Scene of
his Life. They all assaulted him at once ; but
he, without spending a Thought upon the
Number, coped with all, rushed upon 'em
like Lightning, with a Swiftness and Look so
terrible and dreadful, that he made the for-
wardest to repent their Rashness, and them
that were further off to become more cau-
tious. Six lay slain by his Hand ; and they
had encompassed him about, so that it seem'd
impossible he could make any long Resistance
against such Numbers as surrounded him.

When lo, Fortune provided a Remedy for
this Disaster ; yet one that seem'd worse than
the Disease. Behold from an adjoining Creek
of the Sea, shaded by a little Hill, issu'd out
about Sixteen Pirates, led on by their Captain :
They came not to assist either Side, but to make
their

their utmost Advantage of both. No sooner had the Assailants of this Brave Cavalier beheld them coming but they all ran away ; only he alone set himself in a Posture of Defence to preserve the Lady, which as yet lay Senseless in a Trance. Rashness and Despair made him resolute to sustain their utmost Charge ; and he oppos'd them with so much Bravery, that the Relation wou'd almost seem incredible : But in fine, overpower'd by their Numbers , they forc'd him to submit unto their Wills ; yet not before he had receiv'd Four Desperate Wounds in the Body ; in revenge of which he had slain Four of their best Men belonging to their Vessel. They convey'd *Cynthia*, with *Orsamus*, on Board the Boat, intending to satisfy the Death of their Companions with the Author that had occasion'd it. They put off from Shore, and began to prepare for his intended Execution ; mean while the Fair *Cynthia*, whose Spirits were newly returned to execute their proper Function, sat almost dissolv'd in Tears ? beholding these Preparations for *Orsamus* Death, fearfully apprehending what she cou'd not as yet know the Cause of ; Love and Pity embolden'd her to know the worst , that she might so be freed from the present Fear that oppress'd her. So that going unto him that seem'd Commander of the rest, she demanded of him to what Use those Weapons and Preparations of Death were made ? He return'd Answer, ' For that Cavalier, that in her Defence had slain Four of the best Men belonging unto his Ship. Sir, (replied *Cynthia*,) *that Young Man is my Brother ; and you cannot well blame him for what he did in the Defence of a Dear Sister : And sure the*

Course

Course you would take is indirect, since if you fulfil your Resolutions you can gain nothing by his Death, but by preserving his Life you may receive a great Ransom.

The sweet Thought of Gain, deliver'd from so lovely a Creature, set both his Love and Covetousness on the Rack. In fine, the Hope of Gain turn'd the Current of their Revenge, in Execution of which their Choler abated, and they rested satisfied. But it was not so with their Commander, for the Eyes of his Fair Prisoner had opened themselves a Passage, and darted their resplendent Rays into the Soul of this fierce Pirate. He found such Charms as it seem'd impossible, and meer folly, to stand in Opposition against them. Here was a Metamorphose wrought by the Force of Love and Beauty, a Barbarian civiliz'd to a milder Temper: For accosting his Fair Prey he compos'd all that was Fierce and Rude in his Looks to Respect and Duty. *Madam, (replied he,) 'tis enough that you desire your Brother shou'd live: Rest satisfied, he shall live only for your Sake; not so much for our Interest as for your Content: For we cou'd well have dispenc'd with our Gain to give our Revenge Precedence: But your Desires have put a Period to our Resentments. Thus you reign Triumphant whilst you esteem your self a Captive. O Madam, continued he, cease these Showers; clear up those Bright Stars: Have you any Desires? Give 'em a Name, for I find it irresistible to give you a Denial. Retire to yonder Cabin, which shall be wholly at your Disposal. Your Menial Servants shall not be more Officious, than these my Men that seem so Barbarous shall be Dutiful, at your Commands. For my self, I'll pay my Respects with as*
chaste

chaste a Zeal as we pay our Devotions to the Offended Deities, at such Time only when my Visits will not incommode you: For I am not so much Pirate but I know what Civilities ought to be paid to Ladies of your Quality; which, as you seem to me, is not mean. Rest firm in the Assurance of my Promise, whilst I take care for the speedy Dressing of your Brother's Wounds, and for his Accommodation in the Ship. Saying this, he left her with a profound Respect.

Orsamus, who was an Auditor and Spectator of the Discourse that pass'd betwixt the Pirate and Cynthia, was transported with Ravishment when he understood that she was his Preserver. 'Nay, said he, since my Life is not indifferent to my Fair Divinity, I'll live to free her from this Captivity, or perish in the Attempt: Since she seems to have an Esteem for my Life, I'll endeavour to preserve it; for I cannot but prize what she esteems. These Words over-bold, and dangerous to his Life, were over-heard by those that guarded him; but being spoken in the Brittainish Tongue, were not understood. By their Captain's Command he was carefully conducted into the Hold, where he had a Lodging assigned him, and Surgeons sent him that searched his Wounds, which they found dangerous, but not mortal: They carefully dress'd 'em, and left him unto his Rest.

This Rude Rabble, that violated all Laws, both Divine and Human, yet obey'd their Superiour with a Dutious Respect: His Commands were a Law not to be examined or disputed by them, whether just or unjust; but fulfilled with all Obedience, and submitted unto without

without Repugnancy. So that it became a Law amongst them (*He himself spake it;*) so there remain'd nothing behind but to put it in speedy Execution.

While Things were thus stated, they would have tack'd about again for the Shore, to have receiv'd their expected Ransom for *Orsamus*; but there arose a cruel Tempest, which convoy'd them many Leagues from thence into the Main Ocean. The Pirate also doubting that there might be some Vessel sent in pursuit of him, drew a small Compass forth his Pocket, and according to the Directions of that Compass commanded his Men to steer a contrary Course. The Captain not so sorry for disappointing his Men of their Hopes, because he had an Opportunity to oblige *Cynthia* with the Stayance of her Supposed Brother; as also to benefit himself in making him the Solicitor of his Love.

Three Days had pass'd since this last Disaster befel *Cynthia*; mean time *Orsamus* was carefully Drest, and officiously attended, and *Cynthia* served with much Caution, the Pirate never visiting her without Permission. On the Fourth Day he invited her to take a Walk upon the Deck of the Ship. It was about the Time that *Sol* left Watery *Neptune's* Bed, and newly darted his Rays upon the Face of the Waters; *Neptune* walk'd proudly along with his Sweet Burthen, and *Zephyrus* gent'y courted their Sails, while the pretty Fishes made pleasant Pastime, sporting themselves in the Ocean.

Cynthia accorded with his Desire; and kindly presenting him her Hand, they went both forth the Cabin. But Oh, what a Mine of Beauties did the Tell-tale Light present to his Sight,

Sight, which Grief, and that Dismal Place, had detain'd from his Eye; for the Pain and Fear we suffer'd for *Orsamus*, by the Assurance of his Safety, was partly vanish'd away; so that the Beauty they had put to flight was almost return'd back again to its usual Lustre, which this Pirate took some Time to contemplate and admire. The encrease of her Beauty augmented his Passion; and those Sparks of Love and Pity that lay hid before, began to blaze into a Flame, as by the Sequel will appear: For after she had sweetly complain'd unto him of the detaining of her Freedom, and that, according to his Promise, he had not put her Brother to his Ransom, taking a Hint from these Words he began as followeth.

' Madam, (*said he,*) would I set your Freedom to sale a Kingdom were too little to pay the Ransom. If your Brother's Liberty have been deferr'd, perhaps your Interest was the chief Occasion, when in some Sort to oblige you I have neglected so great a Gain. For should I accord with you in this one Thing, touching your Freedom, possibly I should divorce my Eyes from their dearest Object for ever. Madam, I love you, because 'tis impossible to see you and be insensible. I have a Passion for you that nothing can extinguish but Death; but 'tis legitimate, and may be own'd by you without a Scruple, were your Condition equal to the Degree of a Princess. My Birth is not ignoble, although the Disasters of my Life have been uncommon; nor because I seem rustick is my Condition so mean, since the King of *Norway* a few Days since proffered me his Niece to Wife, which upon
' my

my Return to *Norway* I did intend to accomplish; and had certainly effected it, had not your prodigious Beauty disappointed my Designs. And for your Liberty, how can you account it a Restraint when your Goaler is become your Slave, and your Guardians your Officious Servants? Abate but our Separation and your Desires cannot name another Thing should meet my Refusal. If once I be so happy to attain the Shore of *Norway*, which I intend in a few Days to go, I'll spend the Residue of this Wretched Life at your Feet, and never pass Dangers of this uncertain Element any longer. Here he continued silent, leaving *Cynthia* in a Maze at the Discovery of his Passion; yet being oblig'd to reply, she returned this Answer. *Sir, your respective Usage could not give me more Satisfaction than your unpleasant Discourse gives me Discontent, since you take away the Hopes of my Liberty in denying my Ransom. Never think by constraint to gain my Affection, nor by detaining my Liberty to make me become Kind. Wou'd I accord to your Will, I am at my Brother's Disposal, whom you disable in denying him his Freedom. But never think by such rude Ways to force Love, for your Hopes will all fail you; for my Soul is Free, although my Body be your Prisoner; and you shall find I can die when I cannot love.* Saying this she left him, and retired to her Cabbin.

Mean while the Pirate stood like one transformed with her Answer: Yet not minding to despair for the first Repulse when he had the Person in his Power; so that, recollecting his Spirits, he went immediately to give *Orsamus* a Visit, whose Wounds by this time were reasonably

sonably well recover'd. After Salutations past, he began almost in the same Form to reveal his Love as he had done before to *Cynthia*; desiring him to be his Assistant to his Sister, who protested never to dispose of herself without his Consent; promising him in Recompence to give him his Freedom; or if he would accompany him to *Norway*, ample Revenues wherewithal to subsist during Life. These Offers in Civility must be suited with an agreeable Answer, although his Intentions roved far from the Matter. He promised him if he would allow him the Freedom to visit his Sister, he would perform the utmost of his Endeavours to procure his Content; that if his Felicity depended upon his Disposal, he would be no Obstruction to defer it; that seeing he had put him to his Choice, he had rather go to *Norway* with his Sister, than to return without her into his own Country. Thus he was forced to delude him with Hopes, so to detain him within the Bounds of Reason, since he did but entreat for that which by Force he might take at Pleasure.

The Pirate was satisfied at the Freedom of his Discourse, giving the Physicians Order, when his Wounds would permit him, to let him have free Access to his Sister's Chamber, and Liberty of Conversation at such Times as he best pleas'd.

This past, he left him unto his Rest; but his Transport was too great to let him mind that necessary Minister of his Health: That which *Cynthia* had done for him in preserving his Life, by adopting him with that happy Title of Brother, and lastly, not to dispose of herself without his Consent, was a fit Subject to exercise his Thoughts upon. Now her former Rigours

were

were all vanish'd to his Memory, and he consider'd her only as his Benefactor, and Original of his Felicity. *Oh!* (quoth he, in a Rapture, to which this charming Fair One had reduc'd him, *If so Rich a Mine of Treasure be left to my Disposal I shall grow too great a Miser, and become too Covetous ever to allow a Partner, or admit a Rival, to my Happiness. O happy Orsamus in the midst of thy Misfortunes! O welcome Disasters, that have engag'd my dearest Cynthia to pity me! O Unkind Wounds that detain me from paying my Adorations to so Sweet an Object!*

He past away his Time in such pleasing Transports, ever fancying the Idea of his Fairest Cynthia before in Eyes, that all other Thoughts were hush'd in Silence, and his Contentment seem'd perfect in the height of his Satisfaction. Whether his Wounds receiv'd Addition from the Temperature and Quietness of his Mind I cannot tell; but in Two Days Time he found himself in a Capacity to visit his dearest Physician; which being made known unto the Pirate, the more to oblige Cynthia, he intended to present him unto her himself.

'Twas about the Time that Phœbus had climb'd unto his Midday height, and began to drive his Chariot to the Western Seas, when Orsamus accompanied him to Cynthia's Cabin. They found her sitting in the most dismal Part of the Room, very Disconsolate, accompany'd only with a Mournful Silence. At their first Entrance the Pirate saluted her in this Manner: *Madam, (said he) since the Disconcealing of my Love has begotten your Disquiet, I have courted all Opportunities to dissipate your Resentments: Yet I fear you will not welcome Happiness, because I*
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bring

bring it. *Rouze your self from this Melancholy Solitude, and let me once more behold the Horizon of my dearest Object clear from Clouds. See here, Madam, your Brother, by my careful Endeavours, in a Capacity to walk aboard, and give you a Visit. If this small Obligation can beget the least Esteem to plead in my Behalf I am fully satisfied. But lest I should disturb your first Gratulations with my unreasonable Presence, I'll retire a while, and leave you alone. This said, with great Respect he departed out of the Cabbin.*

Scarce had he given an Exit by his Absence, shutting the Door after him, but *Orsamus* in a Transport cast himself at *Cynthia's* Feet so hastily, as she had neither Time nor Power to prevent him. But she unwilling to let him remain in that Condition presented him her Hand. Rise *Orsamus*, (said she,) *this prostrate Action can scarce obtain its Pardon: Your Presence at this Time is not unwelcome, since it has quitted me of some Tears that prepossess'd me in your Absence concerning your Welfare, and the Wounds you received lately in my Defence.*

Them Wounds (rep'y'd *Orsamus*) *have been less cruel than those I receiv'd from your Fair Eyes; they would admit of a Cure, but these daily augment without hope of Remedy. O my dearest Princess! I die daily, and every Moment begets a new Death. If your Anger has prepar'd me a Condemnation, I will receive the Fatal Doom from your Mouth with a perfect and entire Obedience. Believe it Orsamus, (replied she,) you would not obtain that so easily as your Imagination flatters you; neither perhaps has my Severity proceeded from the same Cause. as your Opinion has taken it. No, no; I have not been insensible of your Love, nor re-*
gardless

gardless of your Merits, but have priz'd them both at their true Value in my Breast; and bating the Interest and Obedience a Father may claim of a Child, there is none, perhaps, amongst the Stock of Mankind I could have preferr'd before Orsamus. Make haste to be Well then as soon as possible, and think not of Dying, but remember I bid you Live, vanquish your Malady, disperse those Effeminate Passions until a Time more suitable: For if Heaven be so kind to free us from the Hands of this Pirate I have some hope still left unstrangled that tells me Heaven will not always let you be unhappy. More Satisfaction I cannot give you; nor let not my Condition perswade you to presume to covet greater Advantages, lest you lose them you have already gain'd in my Esteem.

Orsamus bowing his Head at this Discourse with a Profound Respect; Then, Madam, (replied he,) I am not utterly lost, as my Fear constru'd it; for if my Princess vote me happy, I'll bid Defiance to Fortune's Malice; since she cannot in all her Stock of Misfortune, find one Obstruction to make me Miserable. But, Madam, what shall this Happy Wretch do, whose Life you have preserv'd with such Excess of Generosity? What Price shall he pay for the least of these Divine Bounties? By a Fidelity, (reply'd Cynthia,) which I value above my Father's Crown; and by which till Death you may preserve that Affection, whereon you establish your Happiness. If that be the Means, (reply'd Orsamus,) I will be happy to my Tomb, and all the Human Considerations shall not make me waver One Moment in my Inviolable Loyalty; Honour, or what else we esteem most dear or precious, shall all submit, as Trophies to my Love: Neither would I welcome a Happiness that comes, not from you, or for you.

But, Madam, (continu'd he, after a small Pause,) if I may have Licence to ask it, how shall we dispose of our Affairs in this Condition, whereinto Fortune hath blindly brought us? The happy Title of Brother you have conferr'd on me hath preserved my Life, and by your Bounty I begin to prize it as its true Value, so that I can dare the worst Effects of Fate. But for you, my Dear Princess, that you should be brought to such Extreame is that which gauls my Heart with unexpressible Grief. My Misfortunes are become my chief Felicity, but I am too miserable in yours: You have rais'd me to the height of Humane Happiness, then Gratitude calls that I should purchase your Content. Fortune, spite of herself, shall shortly give you Ease, or put a Period to the Cause; since to expect her to be kind is to involve our selves in greater Dangers. Desperate Wounds must have desperate Cures: Extreame must be thus serv'd. When Bliss and Happiness be in danger of a Wrack, boldly to dare, is bravely to preserve it. Thou wretch'd Rival, Obstructor of my Bliss, (continu'd she with a Tone somewhat elevated,) I'll give an Exit to thy Love and Life; though guarded with a Thousand Swords nothing shall secure thee from my Arm: If I fail in the Attempt I shall part with this Satisfaction, I did endeavour your Quiet, though I cou'd not effect it.

O Sir! (quoth Cynthia, with a timorous Agitation of Spirit,) Do not with such a rash Resolution cast away your Life, but consider that Stroke that ends your Days gives a Period to mine. Oh, think in the Custody of what Villains I shall be left, acquainted with nothing but what is ill! Then Death may fly me; and that may be forc'd from me I esteem far above my Life. I shall have

none then to Participate in my Sorrows, or Revenge my Quarrel, when you are gone. Death, when all Hope is past, will not fail to relieve us : Why shou'd we tempt our Ruin ? Fortune is full of Vicissitudes ; and being unkind so long a time, must at last be just : That Valour is unconquerable to which Discretion is join'd, when Wisdom directs it for the most Advantage. This Caution will be pardonable, when you remember I interceed for Cynthia's Safety in the Welfare of Orsamus. As yet Respect seems to have the upper Hand in his Thoughts, let us not abuse it to our own Destruction : In the mean time seek to attempt nothing but upon good mature Consideration in each other's Life. We may continue safe, and be good Companions in Adversity ; let your Carriage be circumstect, that he may not suspect you for other than what you seem ; so you may remain secure, whilst I rest firm guarded with my Innocency. Because he has made you the Agent of his Love, you may feed him with Hope ; for 'twill be dangerous to lose those Advantages he hopes from you. My Carriage unto him shall be follow'd by your Advice ; and you may tell him what your Wisdom and Reason accords to is convenient ; always reserving my Honour intire. And seeing, Orsamus, I repose my Honour in your Trust, look you do not fail my Confidence. O, Madam ! (reply'd Orsamus) That Life which you set so high a Price on is not worth the Care you take to preserve it ; but it were no Life were it not wholly at your Devotion ; and being only yours, I shall be careful not to cast that Life useless away which is reserv'd wholly and intire for your Interest. Your Commands shall lead me by the Hand, which I will execute as far as weary Life will go. For your Honour, he that's intrusted with such a Treasure,

and Safeguards it not, let him live wretched, and detested die. 'Twere a Sin (reply'd Cynthia) to doubt your Fidelity, (taking more Kindness into her Eyes than they exprest before,) and the Continuance may not go unrewarded. 'Tis not he that runs swiftest, and then faints, but he that continues to the end of the Race, that wins the Prize. But let us leave this Discourse for time more agreeable, and consider how to treat the Pirate at his Return, which will not be long. I'll shew my self somewhat kinder that he may conceive you have prevail'd something in his Behalf: And this Kindness, if my Expectations fail me not, shall purchase a Relation of his Life, which will for a small time free me from his Importunities, and in some sort dissipate my Misfortunes by the History of his Disasters, since we naturally find a Pleasure in the Rehearsal of past Miseries. His Respect and Behaviour towards us shews him to be more than what he seems; yet this odious Course makes him seem less than what he is: His Life in my Apprehension must be monstrous that walks in a Way so uncommon.

In such Discourse they pass'd away the small Time of the Pirate's Absence; but Fortune soon took Care they should not Surfeit of their Joys, by hastning his Return to the Cabbin. And having Saluted Cynthia with much Respect as his Mistress, and Caress'd Orsamus as her Brother, he seated himself to participate of their Discourse, which he apprehended did tend to his Advantage.

He was opening his Mouth to speak when the Fair Princess prevented him: And taking the Word with an Air repleat, with a Grace and

and Behaviour only peculiar to herself, she began her Discourse thus. Sir, your Kindness us'd to my Brother is no small Obligation that I owe you; nor have you fail'd in your Purpose when you made him your Solicitor; since none can more perswade my Inclinations, or more freely dispose of me, than he; yet he, I think, will not agree to force my Will to what is repugnant. If I must Love, I wou'd have a Subject worth my Affection: (Such may you be) if your Life have been regulated and guided by that Rule formerly, as in this time since we have been your Prisoners. But the fairest Fruit is not always pleasant to the Taste; nor will a wise Merchant purchase Commodities without a Trial. We may Paint the Sun, but not his warm Influence; and the Fire, but not its Heat. With a small Trouble you may ease me of this Doubt, in relating your Extractions and Birth, and the fore-past Adventures of your Life. In according to my Request may tend to your Advantage: To deny me so small an Obligation will not profit you; since before I'll inforce my Affections against my Inclinations for one I know not I'll send my Soul to enjoy her Liberty in yon upper Horizon.

This Bold Language of Cynthia put the Pirate to his Dumps, knowing the Relation of his Life wou'd diminish the Esteem they had already conceiv'd for him: And should he give her a Denial he began to fear her first Resolution: So that for a small time his Thoughts were upon the Rack, and he sat possess'd with a deep Silence; but at last recollecting himself he made this Reply.

Madam, cease these horrible Resolutions, for I find it impossible to disobey you; you shall be satisf-

fi'd with a true Narration of the Disasters of a miserable Wretch, injur'd by Fortune, and pursu'd by Fate; the Relation of which will set my Wounds bleeding afresh; yet, Madam, you shall be obey'd. Then prepare your selves with Attention to receive the Satisfaction you desire, whilst I entertain you with the Tragick Story of my Life; which, if it cannot beget Love, it may produce Pity.

When Orsamus and Cynthia had leared themselves with Regard, in Expectation of his Discourse, after he had satisfy'd himself in some particular Niceties and Scruples of his Discourse, with Sadness in his Looks and Actions he began as followeth.

The Tragical History of Almerin and Desdemona.

IN the Mediterranean Sea is Situated an Island call'd *Sinilia*, renown'd over the World for the sweet Wholesomeness of the Air, and Fertility of the Soil; extoll'd highly by Fame by that wonderful Mountain *Ætna*, there fix'd; which being always on the outside cover'd with Snow, yet, by a Sulphureous or Brimstone Matter, doth continually burn within. Oftentimes the Flame mounting upwards is so strong, it brings up with it burnt and scorching Stones, and pieces of hard Substances, which seems to be rent out of some Rock, to the great Terror and Danger of the Beholder. Report has not been idle
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in proclaiming the known Rarities of this Isle ; but above all, that so much fam'd City of *Syracuse*, Twenty-two Miles in Compass, Wall'd about with Three strong Walls, for their Strength and Security, watered with many sweet Springs, and crystal Rivolets, adorn'd with many brave Gardens, and pleasant Arbors : The Noble Buildings added to its Gallantry, whose lofty Towers and Turrets seem'd to support the Skies, retaining a Majesty, and yielding a Glorious Shew to the Eyes of the Beholders. It was the Mart-Town of the Island, from whence Ships go out, and resort thither, to and from all Parts of the World, which mightily enriches the Inhabitants.

'Twas this City that gave me Being ; although my Father had his Original out of *Norway*, a Kingdom far hence distant, towards the frozen North-Pole ; his Inclinations being more to Travel strange Countries, than to live a quiet Life in his own ; when the one begets nothing but Effeminateness and Sloth, and the other produces Experience and Valour. So that, with his Father's Consent, he took his Journey, having well stor'd himself with Jewels and Money, Necessaries very needful for such a Voyage, in a few Years he rang'd over the greatest Part of *Africa* and *Asia* ; where he saw the Famous Cities of *Grand Cairo* in *Egypt*, the City of *Jerusalem* in *Palestina* ; where he did behold many rare Monuments, with the lofty Pyramids. Having pass'd through many large Dominions, at last he arriv'd at * *Constantinople*, the Imperial City of the * *Bizantium*. *Grecian Empire*. Here he spent some time ; and at last took Shipping there,

to visit the Isles of the *Mediterranean Sea*; so that he came at last to the Famous Island of *Sicilia*, where the Pleasantness both invited and inticed his longer Stay and Abode.

Where by strange Fortunes, and unheard-of Chances, he was made known unto King *Sancendus*, who at that time had his Residence in *Syracuse*; in whose Affection in a small time he gain'd so great Esteem, as he gave him his own Kinswoman in Marriage, enrich'd him with several Lordships, made him one of his Council, and Governour of the Famous City of *Syracuse*.

I was his only Son, and in this City I received both Life and Education. I liv'd with my Father in Garb befitting a Prince rather than a Governour's Son: All their Hope and Comfort they seem'd to treasure up in me, no Cost seem'd dear to 'em, and their best Performances came short of their Wills. Thus I continu'd until I arriv'd at the Age of Sixteen Years, and became capable to receive the Impression of Love.

Small time had passed away afterwards before Fortune presented me an Object to beger Love, and a Subject wherewithal to continue it. For Fate had so decreed, that in a Pleasant Garden belonging to the City, garnish'd with many private Walks, and adorn'd with many shady Arbors, among which I had chosen out one for Privacy, to retire my self from the scorching Heat of the Sun, which began to climb to his Midday heighth. Here it was I went to seek Rest, and found Eternal Disquiet: For by the Bank of a little Rivolet, which had a Thoroughfare, and many Turnings in the Garden, sat a most Beautiful Damosel, who had

had seated herself as it were to observe the decent gliding of the murmuring Stream. The Place where I had retir'd my self was so order'd by Nature, that I cou'd see, yet remain unseen. I neglected no Time, but took a serious Observation of this Fair unknown: Her Years might be about Fourteen; her Stature not very Tall, but Comely; her Face the perfect Map of Beauty, Fresh and Blooming; where the Lilies and the Roses did seem to surpass in Glory what Dame Nature had ever fram'd, or Art had ever perfected: Her Eyes, like Two resplendent Diamonds, cast a Lustre able to enslave the most resolute Beholder. Each Part was so Amiable and Agreeable, that the most Critical and Curious Surveyor cou'd not find an Error in her whole Composure, each Part Sympathizing in a sweet Harmony; over which Nature had plac'd a Charm, which the most senseless and obdurate Hearts cou'd not resist, but of Necessity must submit.

Thus, Madam, (said he, turning to Cynthia,) and more Fair you may imagine her to be, or think her like your self, which seem to be the Master-piece of the Gods. And I vow to you, besides the Fairest Desdemona, (for so I learn'd afterwards she was call'd,) I never yet saw any Beauty I might parallel or compare with yours. I beheld her with Amazement, for never before did my Eyes behold any Thing so lovely: Yet that Amazement was accompanied with a Transport, in beholding so Rare a Creature, which brought forth a delicious Ravishment; and a Rapture of unusual Joys began to possess my Senses: So that then, and only then, I began to be wretched, and greedily began to devour that Poison I shou'd have expell'd. This Fatal Minute was a

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Prologue to the Catastrophe of my Tragical Misfortunes. I fix'd my Eyes on her Face, with a timerous Disturbance of my Spirit, when raising her Voice with a bewitching Harmony, and a sweet charming Melody, she chanted this Song.

*Oh happy Time when Nature only sway'd,
And all did live in Innocence free :
When all did seem to rule, yet all obey'd,
And e'ery one enjoy'd his Liberty :
When simple Truth was thought the highest Skill,
And to deceive a Friend the greatest Ill.*

*But all Things pass as they had never been,
And Nature brings forth Monsters that rebel ;
Deceit is termed Wit, and not a Sin :
What once did Heaven seem, is now a Hell.
Truth stands neglect, scoff'd at with Disgrace,
And being disesteem'd hides her Face.*

*Beauty is no Divinity I see,
As Falshood wou'd make silly Souls believe,
Truth says it is a Map of Misery,
That will the Owner suddenly deceive:
And what a Goddess seems to us to Day,
Sickness or Death to Morrow sweeps away.*

*He which admireth Beauty will confess
That 'tis attended with a Fatal Charm,
Which if not waited on with good Success,
'Twill do the Owner that enjoys it Harm.
Riches and Beauty oft are made a Prize,
And robb'd by such as call 'em Deities.*

Thus undescry'd and unperceiv'd, I was conquer'd by this unknown Beauty; and at that Fatal Hour, without Resistance, I became her Slave, and with an unwilling Willingness resolv'd to wear her Chains.

Thus I embrac'd a Passion, which since hath prov'd Fatal to my Quiet. Thus, like young Novices in War, that through Rashness become Resolute, and without Consideration seem to outface the greatest Dangers, not thinking on the Peril their Indiscretion may purchase 'em, I Embark'd thus in strange Seas, without a Pilot; and began to Travel the most intricate and unknown Ways, without a Guide. I never knew what Love was till now, therefore the Proceedings were Mysteries to me: Yet Nature was so kind to suggest to me, that in the Affairs of Love it was a Rule, where first we receive a Wound, there to endeavour a Remedy: And as Heat extinguishes Heat, and gives present Remedy to the Pain; so a Return of Love gives sudden Ease to the Torment, and a perfect Cure to the Malady. Yet how to make my Addresses unto one, that till then I never saw, or to talk of Love to her, both seem'd gross: The first seem'd too full of Confidence, and the other seem'd to favour much of Impudence.

But here Fortune supply'd this Want, and at first seem'd to Court me, but 'twas only to drill me into greater Miseries; for I no sooner saw her arise from the Place where she sat but I made towards her, from the Place and Covert where I lay conceal'd; when behold this charming Beauty was surpriz'd by an unknown Stranger,

Strangers, who with Expressions of Joy utter'd these Words: *Fortune, I desire thy further Malice, and dare my Fate to make a Second Relapse in my Desires.* So that by Force, in spite of her Resistance, taking her delicate Body rudely in his Arms, he began with a more than ordinary Pace to convey her to a Neighbouring Thicket. My Eyes had never left her, but were wholly employ'd and fix'd on this insolent Action, perform'd on so lovely a Creature. I needed no Sollicitors but her Cries and Innocency to prepare me for a Revenge: And 'twas but a few Moments betwixt the Resolution and the Execution; for with my utmost Diligence I pursu'd him by the same Track I saw him pass. Such Expedition I made, that my Haste outwent his Speed, and my Fury overtook him before I had time to consult with Reason: So that without demanding any Questions, I ran him through the Body, and he, not having disburthen'd himself of his Fair Prey, fell down, clasping her in his deadly Embraces. The first Thing I did was to free her from his Arms, which with some Trouble I perform'd. After I had set her at Liberty from that Danger, and her frighten'd Spirits return'd to her again, she fell down at my Feet, and embracing my Knee, Sir, (said she,) *this sudden and unexpected Assistance persuades me to Esteem of you as the Genius of my better Fortune, since you have by timely Redemption preserv'd what is more precious to me than that which we prize most dear. Seeing there's no Possibility of making Satisfaction equal to the Obligation, take my Life in Lieu for a small Recompence;*

pence ; but continue still to preserve my Honour, which you have so bravely defended.

Her Tears, and sweet charming Speeches, transform'd me from my usual Temper ; and I cou'd not behold her in that mournful Posture and distressed Condition without participating in her Sorrows. So that taking her up in my Arms, kissing her lovely Cheek, as it was bedew'd with Pearly Tears, returning her this Answer : *Madam, I rejoice that the Destinies have made me so Fortunate in making me the happy Cause of preserving you. If I have oblig'd you in this Action I have a Satisfaction above what I cou'd hope, and Fortune has been kind above my Wishes ; since few Minutes have pass'd when I was to seek for such an Opportunity to manifest my Affection. O Madam ! Blame me not when I reveal I love you : And prove not cruel to one that adores you. If you think I have oblig'd you, Oh ! pay it in Love and I shall soon become the Debtor : And talk not of Death when the Gods detest the Proposition ; but think, lovely Creature, if so much Beauty can be without Pity, and yield no Redress to my Love, see Beauteous Lady, Death will be kinder than you, and yield a Remedy when you deny it. This said (with an Action wholly passionate) I set my Sword against my Breast, saying, Here, Madam, is that that will yield Relief in Necessity ; and seeing I cannot live without your Love, I'll endeavour in Death to gain your Pity : And if my Love be become an Offence, this very Sword shall make Satisfaction, and destroy that Life that gave it Birth. She no sooner did behold this desperate Offer at my Life, but casting an Eye of Pity on my Rashness, Oh, hold (says she) that Fatal Weapon, the Cruel Disturber of my*

my Quiet! And think, whoe'er you be, what an Error I must commit in yielding to love one that till this Moment I never saw; and how I shall forget Paternal Duty to give my self away without their Knowledge. Consider what an Obligation will lye on you, when I rely upon your Promise of Fidelity to preserve my Honour entire; and how the Gods will punish you if you prove Perjur'd. Once more Meditate on what Conditions I must love; and endeavour to recollect your wandring Thoughts, and you will soon perceive what Folly it is for any one to enter into Bonds that may continue Free, and at Liberty.

Vertuous Lady, (replied I,) you wrong my Love to think it base, and my Integrity to imagine I may prove unconstant. No, no, Madam; your Charms are too strong to be rivall'd by any other Object, and my Affection too entire to be deceiv'd by any other Beauty, since I have beheld yours. Because you shall not be oblig'd to love one you know not, and to esteem one that till this Minute you never saw, to disperse these Doubts know my Name is Almerin, the only Son of Artemidorus, Governour of this Famous City of Syracuse: Never before unfortunate if you prove pitiless, nor never before this time happy if you become kind. If you rely on my Fidelity nothing but Death shall make me unconstant; but my Affection shall always flourish: Nay, should Death itself endeavour to extinguish it, he might well divert it, but not destroy it, when the Reminders of those Sparks of Love shall keep warm my Ashes in the Grave. If I ever endeavour to violate your Honour, or think to commit so great a Sacrilege on your Virtues, let all the Gods rain down

down Vengeance on my Head for my Disfalty.
Let the Heavens be Witnesses to what I promise;
and with them, this innocent Grove shall witness,
and give evidence, that when I prove false to you
I may not prosper in what I esteem most dear; that
my Pleasures may become Torments, and my chief-
est Delights Vexations. Evidence what I have said,
O ye Powers Divine! By all this, and by your Fair
self, I swear a Divinity too precious to be pro-
phan'd.

Oh hold! (quoth she,) Swear not by that:
Cankers may eat that Flower on the Stalk; the
scratch of a Pin may soon deface it; Sickness and
Mischance may soon ruin it; Age and Time are
great Devourers of it; and when in these Cheeks and
Lips, which you extol so high, shall not be left red
enough to blush at Perjury, when you shall make it,
what will become of me then?

O Madam! (replied I,) Cease these Doubts,
and dissipate such needless Fears: The Sun shall
as soon falter in his Career, the Stars drop
from their Places, where they have of old been
fixed, the Earth shall remove, Nature shall alter
her Course, and all Impossibilities shall be perform-
ed, when I prove disloyal and false in my
Love.

These Protestations did give her some Satis-
faction; and prevailed so far with her, that she
suffered me to enjoy the Privilege to accompa-
ny her to her Parents House, which was with-
in the City. When we came thither she gave
her Friends to understand the timely Assistance
I gave her; as also my Birth and Quality, and
Authority in the City. They no sooner receiv-
ed this Re'ation from their Daughter but they
bade me Welcome, and caressed me with the
greatest

greatest Endearments. My Entertainment was extraordinary; but the Kindnesses bestow'd on me was not after the lofty Court Mode, but most familiarly, as if I had been a near Relation unto them, and gave me Thanks in the most obliging Terms for the Kindness conferr'd on their Daughter, which I could not receive without a Blush. Here it was I learned his Name was *Philaster*, an Aged Knight, that had liv'd there many Years; that his Fair Daughter was his only Child, whose Name was *Desdemona*, in whom the Old Knight and his Lady did repose all their Comfort and Joy.

In several Discourses we pass'd away the Time while Supper lasted, where the chiefest Delicates I fed on was *Desdemona's* Beauty: And indeed 'twas she alone made all Things seem pleasant where she came, and set a Lustre on the greatest Enormities.

Supper being ended, and the Evening far spent, I began to prepare for my Departure. After I had bade a Farewel unto the Old Knight and his Lady, with many Acknowledgments for the Civilities I had receiv'd, I began to order my self to take my Leave of the Fairest *Desdemona*.

We see by Experience, that the Fire that flames highest trembles most: So is it in Love; he that loves much, fears most. In this manner did I approach her with an inward Joy; yet that Joy was disturbed by a timorous Fear. I accosted her in this manner, *Fairest Desdemona, let not Absence beget a Neglect in my Love, but think of the Torments I endure: And though Necessity inforces me to leave you, yet think how all Places will seem a Hell when you are absent;*
and

and that you bring a Heaven of Felicities whenever your Fair self doth appear. O Desdemona ! I must leave you : Yet shall I tell you, the poor Prisoner never went to Execution with more reluctance than this cruel Parting seems to me, since I must leave all my Happiness with you, and go away accompany'd only with my Torments and Miseries. I had proceeded further but I saw some attentive to understand what I said.

Desdemona returned me no Answer, but a Bush. And after I had with an Extasie seal'd a Kiss on her Fair Hand I took my Leave ; yet not before the Old Knight and his Lady desired me that I would honour them so much as to further oblige them with my Visits. This Complement over, I was conducted and accompanied by them all to the Door, where stood a Chariot richly adorn'd to convoy me to my Father's House. Here it was I parted from them, and bade the first Farewel to my self. I was no sooner arrived at my Father's House but I was welcomed with the greatest Kindnesses that might be ; my Presence diverting the Fears of any Dangers that might befall me. They began to enquire how I pass'd away the Evening so late ; but I had a Story ready that gave them Satisfaction ; yet did I keep my Adventure secret to my self. After a while I gave them the Goodnight, and betook my self to my Rest.

But small Rest, Heaven knows, it was I could take : My Fancy form'd the Idea of Fair Desdemona ; and 'twas only them Thoughts that did give a small Cessation to my Torments. If *Morpheus* had intic'd me to a Slumber, immediately her Fair Figure wou'd appear. Here

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it was I did with an Extravagance of Joy go to embrace this Fair Idea of my Misfortunes, when behold I clasped the brittle Air, and with my Sleep would the Fair Phantasm vanish. Oh, how willing have I been to be deceiv'd! And fearing I have dream'd, how fearful have I been to wake, lest Sense should rob me of so delightful a Vision, and take away the Felicity I seem'd then to enjoy! Oh, how often did I wish I might expire in such pleasing Fashions! Yet the Gods deem'd me not so happy a Lot.

In this sort I pass away the Time, thinking the Night exceedeth its usual Length, exclaiming against *Phœbus* for his sluggish Approach; and yet, when he did appear, how often have I wish'd his Absence! So that Night seem'd a Vexation, and Day a Torment. Some Two Days pass'd, and what for want of taking Sustenance in the Day, and for want of Rest in the Night, my Spirits began to decay, and my Body became sore weakened, my Colour faded away, and my youthful Vigour abated, so that in a few Hours I became only a Shadow of what I was, and an Emblem of what I had been: My careful Parents wondred at this sudden Alteration and Change: The Physicians were sent for, but their Conjectures came far short of the Disease; every one gave his Judgment as Fancy and Opinion gave them Birth, but all came short of the Symptoms of my Disease. My careful Parents never forsook my Pillow, seeking to search out the Cause of this Distemper, that so they might provide a Remedy.

Perhaps

Perhaps you wonder I did not reveal my Love to them at such a time when there was a Possibility of having my Desires granted.

Fairest Lady, (said he, looking upon Cynthia,) you will not marvel, nor have occasion to blame me, when you understand that about Six Weeks before I was betrothed by my Parents Consent to a Fair Damosel, nam'd *Artemesia*, Second Daughter to the Earl of *Palermo*. Indeed I think she was more Noble than Fair, yet her Beauty was not so mean but it might have satisfied my Nicety, had I never beheld the bewitching Charms of Fair *Desdemona*. 'Twas to this Fatal Marriage I was destinated a Victim to my Parents Wills, not my Desires. I knew my Father to be a Man too passionate and rash, firm in his Resolves, and not to be altered by Perswasions in his Proceedings. Besides, this Marriage seemed to augment and agree with his Ambition; and his being ally'd to so great a Lord no mean Honour. He was obstinate in his Humours, nor could Reason make him reverse what he had decreed; but especially those he imagined did tend to further and advance his aspiring Ambition. These were such infallible Truths as I well knew by his Consent would never be revoked. These were the unhappy Causes that I did not reveal to them the Affection I had for the Fair *Desdemona*.

As from one Extream doth issue a second more dreadful than the first; so from this Fewel of Love did proceed a Burning Fever, more fearful and violent than the former. This was visible to the Eye of Nature, so that the Physicians

ficians by their Skill and Industry removed the Cause before it could take any deep Effect, and perform'd the Cure before ever the Disease had taken Root.

As nothing continues always in One State and Condition, so my Distemper began to abate, and my weakned Body began to recover a little Strength; yet in my Mind I received no Comfort, since my dearest Physician was absent. *Phœbus* had scarce run his Career Thrice in this Upper World, and lodg'd himself in the Western Ocean, but I left my Bed; and although I was extream feeble, yet I did endeavour to walk: And the first small Journey I made was secretly and unseen to the Habitation of my Divine *Desdemona*. I had no sooner set my Face towards that Part of the City but mark the wonderful Effects of Love; although my Body was weak, yet methought in every Step I went towards her I received new Strength; and went that in a few Minutes might well have requir'd a longer time: So much did the pleasing Imagination of seeing *Desdemona* dissipate and divert all other Difficulties.

When I was arriv'd, and enter'd the House, which did contain my ador'd Nymph, my Body became as if it had been inspir'd with a new Soul; and well it might, since it was there alone the Felicity and Content, which was the Extasie and Rapture of my Soul, did reside. Which Imagination did beget a sweet Ravishment of Pleasures: So that the want of what I had so long-desired had set the greater Value of what I then enjoy'd.

Such unthought-of Alteration had my small Time of Sicknes begotten on me, that none in
the

the House cou'd hardly guess or discern what I might be ; but them Thoughts were silenc'd when I reveal'd my self : So that they seem'd to be possess'd with Amazement rather than with Unbelief. In a few Moments all their Suspicions were vanish'd, so that I was entertain'd with their accusom'd Kindnesses. In a few Moments Fair *Desdemona* did appear ; and although she was forewarn'd by some in the House of this sudden Change in me, yet in her first Approach she could not contain from Wonder. She bad me welcome as a Deliverer, not as a Lover ; yet did her Eyes speak Pity to my Disasters ; and them kind Looks seem'd a Sovereign Balsam to expel the worst of Miseries. What shall I say ? 'Twas here my Sickness took its Birth, and 'twas here I had the only Remedy to expel it.

After Dinner, the Old Knight and his Lady, with Fair *Desdemona*, that did attend them, invited me to take a Walk into a Fair Garden adjoining to their House, beautify'd with many shady Arbours, where Nature was helpen by Art to make the Work more exquisite : It was adorn'd with many pleasant Walks, intricate, and turning Labyrinthwise.

But in the midst of the Garden was a House of Pleasure situated, the fairest for Workmanship that ever I did behold ; so that Nature grew envious that Art should excel her ; endeavouring, with fine shady Trees, and what sweet Summers Livery wears, to conceal it from the Eye of the Spectator, when the pretty Birds, that harbour in those Boughs, seem to cross her Intent with their Melodious Notes ; inviting the Eyes of the Beholder not
to

to pass by, and leave so rare a Work unseen, and unregarded.

Into this Garden, the Master-piece of Art and Nature, I accompany'd them in their Walks. We had some Discourse on different Subjects, which I think impertinent, and nothing relating to the Story of my Life. Thus having passed away some small time, *Philaster* and his Lady retir'd themselves into the House of Pleasure, before related, and left *Desdemona* only to entertain me. This Opportunity Fortune did now offer me fell out above my Thoughts; and being unwilling to lose so fair a Time, as we walk'd along in the Alleys I began this Discourse.

Fairest Desdemona, I cannot tell whether I should say you are more kind than cruel; or whether you are more fair than I am miserable. See, my Divine Lady; behold I die alive: And what is more cruel than a living Death? Cannot you pity one that dies for your Love? Oh, pierce my Heart! It is the nobler Way; and let me not live in such Torments as do exceed the worst of Deaths.

Sir, (said she,) I am not insensible of your Love, nor do I take any Pleasure in your Torments; I wou'd I cou'd perform the one as willingly as I can the other, you shou'd not languish for a Remedy; if a Return of Love and Compassion can give you ease, I can pity: If that be too low, I can grieve: If this will not do, think, Sir, in what Bands you are bound not to violate my Honour. Oh! Seek not to ruin that, and command all Things besides I am able to perform.

O Madam! (replied I,) Heaven send all those Punishments on my Head I so lately did invoke

if I intend Dishonour to your Person. No, Madam, 'tis lawful Marriage I desire: And what is more honourable? This Way you may securely give a Cessation to my Torments, and not injure your Chastity. Oh! Think, if you can pity, as you give me to understand you can, be not cruel, to let me pine away with Sorrow, when you are the only Physician that can give a Remedy.

I had scarce finish'd these last Words, but Old Philaster, with his Lady, left the Place where they had remained this small time of our Discourse; and their too sudden Approach robb'd me of Desdemona's Answer. So that we made towards them; and joining our Company and Discourse with theirs, we passed away the residue of that time we staid afterwards in the Garden; Fortune not offering me that Day another Opportunity where I might with Secresie renew our foresaid Discourse. After a while we left our Diversion; Philaster forsook the Garden, and we attended him in, where we spent the remainder of that Day, which, my Imaginations told me, did steal too swiftly away, since I forsook my dearest Happiness, and must be forced to part from my fairest Desdemona. Time, which in her Absence did seem to have Leaden Feet, did now fly too swiftly away: So that the long-fear'd, unwish'd-for Hour of parting approach'd, when I must take my leave, and be walking to my own Home. After Salutations pass'd with the Old Lady, I went and took my leave of my fairest Desdemona: And although my Desires were frustrated, and my Intentions prevented, of speaking unto her, by reason of her Parents being present, yet my Eyes and Countenance silent-

ly and secretly spoke the Language of my Heart; and as far as I cou'd conceive I did not find she had any Aversion for my Love; neither cou'd I perceive in her Countenance and Looks, or in any of her Actions, she did bewray any dislike to my Proceedings: But I found her not like your lofly Dames, scornful and disdainful, but contrary, her Actions were not imperious, but compos'd wholly of mildness, yet therewithal wholly charming; sweeter than the blooming Rose when the Morning Air swells its tender Bud: Innocent in her Carriage, as the harmless Dove, yet with a winning Majesty: So that she did privately undermine, as well as outwardly conquer, the Hearts and Eyes of the Beholders.

With this hope of my good Fortune I gave *Philaster* the Good-night, and return'd secretly home to my Father's, where they all wonder'd at my long Absence, yet glad to see me recover'd so well; wondring from whence the Causes of so sudden a Sickness shou'd arise, as also at so unordinary a Recovery; both occasion'd by Two different Times of Absence: But leaving them to surmise on Conjectures, to learn out that which as yet they did not know, I went to my Chamber, where I past away the Night in a different manner from what I had formerly done, my Hopes having now overcome my Despairs, and comply'd with all things that might jump with my Desires. In such pleasing Thoughts the Hours past away; yet not so swift but I cou'd number them, and think them slow in going.

Titan by her Absence gave warning of her Brother's Approach; and *Phœbus* had scarce saluted

red the Eastern Parts of the World with his desir'd presence, but I arose, and attir'd my self with a more than ordinary Curiosity; building many Hopes in Expectation of what the following Day might bring forth, which now began to grow a little aged; and the Hour approach'd wherein Visits are accustom'd to be given; so that I took my Way to *Philaster's* House. As my Visits became more common, I was esteem'd a less Stranger, and my Entertainment was more familiar and friendly: So that after some Discourse of Use had past by Course, and the Sun with his warm Beams began to climb to his Meridian heighth, I requested the Favour of *Philaster* that I might take the Privilege to pass some small Time away in his fair Garden. Which Request was no sooner desir'd but it was as kindly granted, himself intending to accompany me; when behold, just as we were entering the Garden, he was sent for by a Messenger, that informed him that his Brother (who was an ancient Gentleman, whose Dwelling was about Two Leagues from the City) did attend him, desiring some Conference with him about earnest Occasions that wou'd not admit of Delay. After he had pleaded Necessity as his Excuse for his untimely parting, craving my pardon for his Incivility in leaving me alone, promising a speedy return, he left me.

Half an Hour had not past since I entered the Garden but I saw Fair *Desdemona*; who, as I have since understood, was sent by her Father to entertain me in his Absence, his Business falling out beyond his Expectations; and his Stayance being longer than he intended was the Reason he sent *Desdemona* to accompany me.

me. I made towards her with much Respect and she accosted me with as kind a Reception with such Innocency as might seem to bring to compass the extravagant Thoughts of any but my self; for they yielded Fuel to my unbounded Desires, and every Action of hers became an Oil to augment it, till it began to blaze in a Flame; which not extenuated, must needs consume in itself. After I had saluted her we passed away some Time walking in the Alleys, and exchange'd some Discourse, wherein I was so happy to gain her Consent to be my Wife, so I could get her Parents Consent to Seal it.

Here it was we betroth'd our selves each to other, and register'd our Vows in Heaven before the Divine Deities. Here it was I could not bound my Joys, and consequently my Passion; so that I could not refrain from folding her delicate and tender Body in my Arms, giving and receiving many a sweet Kiss on her Rubby Lips. In this Rapture of Ravishment we spent the Time, till Sol, with his scorching Beams, forc'd us to retire into that pretty House of Pleasure (before-mention'd.) There prov'd a Defence against the Heat, and a Cover to act our Loves more securely. Here we did double our Kisses and Embraces, while the pretty Birds did seem to participate in my Happiness. These were innocent Pastimes; yet these intic'd me to the guilty Possession of greater.

' Like a poor decay'd Man, who would think himself happy in the Possession of a small Estate, which when he obtains he rests not there, but is still aspiring to whatever is above him.

him; and at last climbs to so great a height, that to continue is dangerous, and to fall is a most certain ruin. This was a lively Similitude of my Condition, wherein I did then remain: Them Favours she then conferr'd on me, could not yield Content and Satisfaction to my Desires, but serv'd only to beget a Confidence to presume to purchase greater, and aspire to higher Felicities. So that from this familiar Conversation I began to request the Fruition of that Love I then enjoyed; and following my Request with such Intreaties and Importunities, with a Promise of never-failing Fidelity, urg'd by such strong Perswasions, and resisted with such faint Denials, that I came to the yielding up of that Fort which the greatest Kings might envy me the Conquest of, and enjoy'd a Priviledge which the mightiest of Men would have esteem'd a Happiness: In the Enjoyment of which Imperial Monarchs would have accounted it the highest Felicity: All which was wholly prostrated to my raging Passion, and insatiable Desires. The Kisses, Embraces and Endearments were almost numberless we there exchanged; our Discourse much, yet treating wholly of our Loves, and fervent Affections of the Day of Marriage; when every Day should be such a Feast as this, and every Night beget a fresh Rivalry of Delights, that should never decay, but continue as immortal as our Souls that gave it Birth. Thus we spent our Time in a Paradise of Pleasures; passing them few Minutes we staid there in such Felicity as might well be term'd the chiefest Happiness of a Lover's Bliss.

' But the sweet blooming Rose is not pluck'd
 ' without a Thorn, nor the dearest Pleasure
 ' reap'd without a Discontent: They are Ho-
 ' ney in the Mouth, but Gall in the Belly;
 ' Sweet in the Taste, but bitter in the Digestion.
 Such was the Fruition and Enjoyment of my
 dearest *Desdemona* to me; a Moment of Hap-
 piness, attended by an Age of Sorrow: So that
 my Pleasure serves only to make my Calamity
 more mournful and doleful, and the Felicity I
 have lost, to make me the Loser more misera-
 ble and wretched.

' *Hannibal*, the Brave *African* Conqueror, is
 ' prais'd, in that he knew how to gain Victo-
 ' ries; but discommended, because he cou'd not
 ' secure them: Losing by Indiscretion what by
 ' Discretion he had so bravely gain'd. Such
 was my Misfortune! I knew how to purchase
 Happiness, but not to continue it. ' Such is
 ' the Folly of poor Mortals: One runs after
 ' Riches, and with great Care and Pains ob-
 ' tains the Felicity of his Desires, which is soon
 ' forgotten in the Possession. Another follows
 ' Honour, as the Elixir of his Hopes, which
 ' soon fades in the Enjoyment. A third hunts
 ' after Beauty, as the *Elisian* of his Content,
 ' which vanishes in the Fruition. Thus we play
 with Happiness till it is lost unto us; and feed
 so greedily on our Pleasures till being over-
 cloy'd we lose our Hopes and Sense of the Fe-
 licity we enjoy, and then too late we repent of
 our Ignorance and Folly, and prize the Worth
 of that which is lost unto us above the Esteem
 we had when we did enjoy it.

' O fatal Emblem of my Misfortunes, and
 ' unfortunate Similitude of my Miseries! To
 ' prize

prize too late the Jewel of my Soul, which I have lost by Forgetfulness and Neglect! Repentance comes too late; or if it did not I could not expect a Pardon. O my dearest *Desdemona!* Which seemest lovely in the Grave! Whose Remembrance must be sweet unto me, though thou I yest forgotten in the Dust.

Here the Sense of Grief put a Stop to his Discourse while he fixed his Eyes carelessly on the Ground. *Orsamus* and *Cynthia* beheld each other with Amazement in their Looks, in expectation of the Issue of his Discourse, which he usher'd in with so sad a Prologue, and so mournful an Action and Gesture.

By this Time *Almerin* had recollected his Thoughts; and raising his Eyes from the Ground, where the Time of his Extravagance they had continu'd unmov'd, and fixing them on *Cynthia*: *Madam,* (said he,) can you pardon this abrupt failing in my Discourse, occasion'd by a Transport of Grief, in the remembrance of my former Felicities in the Relation I have already given you, compar'd with what I must now relate unto you?

As Hunger makes the meanest Fare sweet and delicious to the Taste, so the Sense of Sorrow produces Felicity more lovely, and makes us prize every petty Happiness at its true Worth. Grief is like the Sun at its going down, which yields our Shadows in the Evening more great and monstrous than they are, which when Day was in its Glory did scarce appear. Like a Prospective-glass, which as far off yields the Object at an unusual bigness, which being remov'd to a nearer distance we can hardly discern. Such (*Madam*) will be the residue of my Discourse; which will only serve

as a *Mirror*, to make my Loss seem more lovely, and the Griefs I now possess more fearful and dreadful.

But to defer your Expectations no longer I'll go forward in my Discourse, and give you to understand, that after I had requir'd Old *Philaster's* Hospitality and Kindness with the Theft of his Daughter's Honour; and against the Vows I had made, by Inticements and Deceit, I had gotten the fairest Jewel in *Desdemona's* Wardrobe, we saw him and his Lady enter the Garden: With all Expedition we forsook our Delights, and descended down a private Pair of Stairs, unseen of them, being shaded by the Friendly Trees, which the time of our Delights seem'd to stand as Watchmen to defend us, and now as a Skreen to secure us. This Way we pass'd lest they might suspect what indeed was true, and so prepar'd to meet 'em; and having pass'd some secret Alleys, we met 'em as accidentally. Here we join'd Company and Discourse with them, and pass'd away the residue of Time till Dinner was brought in; upon which notice given we left the Garden, and spent the remainder of that Day altogether in several Sorts of Diversion, till Night began to approach, and require my Absence; so that Necessity urg'd my Departure; and returning them many Thanks for their Civilities and Kindnesses, wherein I did stand oblig'd unto 'em, I took my Leave of *Philaster* and his Lady; and having saluted *Desdemona*, with a Promise of a sudden Return, to require her in Marriage of her Parents, according to my Vows in the Garden, I left her, and with her all my Joys.

In my Way homeward my Spirits began to grow dull and heavy, my Mind became sad and melancholly; I found my self fearful, yet knew no Cause I had to fear: On the sudden Three Drops of Blood distill'd from my Nose, a Hare thwarted my Way, and a Night-Raven came croaking, and with her dismal Note hover'd over my Head. This confirm'd me in my Augury that something ominous and fatal did attend me, yet I knew not from whence it could proceed. ' had forgot to look up to Heaven, ' and consider I stood a Criminal there; but began to consider what might proceed from ' meaner and lower Causes; not considering ' that Heaven makes all things, in this Ball of ' Clay, the Earth, serve as Punishments to the ' Wicked: Sometimes so strange and intricate ' his Divine Working is, that the Punishment is ' bound up with the Pleasure; as it happened ' now with me.

For I no sooner arriv'd at my Father's House but I found him inquisitive, above his usual manner, to know where I had pass'd away my Time these Three Days past; my Absence having begotten a Suspicion in him of what indeed was true; and my sudden Sicknefs, seconded with as quick a Recovery, did confirm him: So that seeing me well recover'd, and almost in as good a State of Health as when I first fell Sick, he began his Discourse to me in this manner.

Son, (said he,) your sudden Health cannot give me more Joy than the extraordinary Causes give me Suspicion, lest in your Carriage, which hath been so reserved and shy to me, you shou'd ask any thing which should fall contrary to my Intentions and Desires. You know the Time will draw shortly near

when you must Marry your Contracted Bride, Fair Artemesia; one which is as Fortunate as Fair, and as Wise as Fortunate: One, my Son, that will raise thee to a high Esteem of high Honours, which is the Mistress young Gallants Court. And by the Alliance of so great a Lord we shall be made shot-free against the strongest Batteries of Fortune.

This Discourse, so contrary to my Expectations and Desires, and so fatal to my Love, assur'd me of the doleful Presages of so unhappy a Beginning: So that these Forerunners of my Misfortunes did portend and foretel some cruel Alteration and sudden Change in my present Estate of Happiness. Reason could now tell me, though too late, that in all the Vicissitudes and Changes of Fortune, having once arrived at the chief Felicity we fix on, as our only Object, we fairly descend by those Steps by which first we did ascend. Nay, Fortune is sometimes so cruel as not to allow them that Leisure; but envying them the Felicity they have purchas'd, throws them down headlong from their Happiness, and cruelly breaks the Neck of their Hope. This taught me to know, nay more, to mistrust and fear, that from the Fruition of *Desdemona's* Beauty and Love I shou'd reap but a poor Harvest; and that my Promises wou'd exceed my Incomes: Not that I cou'd think my self unfortunate in the Enjoyment of my *Desdemona's* Love; but contrary, I thought my self wretched in the many Stops, Dangers, Casualties, Fears and Accidents, which began to shew themselves as Obstructions, to hinder me from the Continuance of so sweet a Felicity. These things I travers'd in my Thoughts; so that at last I began to dare his

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utmost Anger, and resolved to stand the Charge of it rather than conceal my Love; well knowing if it were once reveal'd I should be rid of the Fear that did always wait on the secret concealing of it.

Having fixed on Thoughts as my last Resolves, putting my self in a Posture and Action that might rather persuade his Pity than his Anger, Sir, (said I,) your *Suspensions* are not grounded amiss if you suspect I Love; and if I be a Criminal in making it a Secret unto you, forgive and pardon me when I shall make you a real Confession. Yes, Sir, I do love; and with that Ardour and Affection, with that Constancy and Fidelity, as Death cannot divert my Inclinations: And should you make a Separation, or imagine an Alteration, know, Sir, my Vows are registred in Heaven with the Divine Deities; which if you once endeavour to violate expect the Punishments may attend your Endeavours. You may command my Life, since you gave it me; but not my Soul, it is a Gift of the Gods: Neither is my Love fix'd on so mean an Object but it may satisfy any Mind that is not Ambitious.

This Discourse, utter'd with as much Boldness as Confidence, began to raise a Storm in my Father's Countenance; for the Form of his Visage began to overcast with Frowns, and all his Actions became clouded over with Anger. So that casting a frowning Look on me, enough to daunt me, had not my Love made me Proof against his Fury, and confident to sustain his utmost Charge.

Villain, (replied he,) and Shame to my Blood! Dare you justify and vindicate that which is contrary to my Intentions? Or can your Disobedience

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own what I have an *Aversion* against? Shall my *Hopes* be thwarted by your extravagant Youth, and my *Purposes* frustrated by your ill-plac'd Love? Curse on your wilful *Obstinacy*, which puts me into this unusual *Passion*; and your *Boldness*, that durst give me this Relation. Ungovern'd Young Man! Can you think that giddy-headed Youth, subject to all *Passions*, and pliable to all *Impressions*, shou'd better know how to govern his *Passions*, and direct his *Actions*, than his Aged Sire? Can he better choose for his Good than one that hath so often been acquainted and concerned with the *Vicissitudes* and *Changes* of this Nature? No, no, young Man; you yet want *Experience*, which is always the best *School-master*, and the *Mistress* of *Understanding*. Your Youth is warily, and like a head-strong Horse, that will run himself on any *Dangers*, without he be surely curb'd and restrain'd: So you grew bold and impudent; daring any *Precipice* so you may possess your unbounded *Desires*. But know, I'll curb you in from these *Extravagancies*, and restrain you from these wild wandring *Thoughts*: And if I have been too indulgent, for the future you shall find me as severe. And so avoid my Sight, that by the want of *Duty* art become a *Grief* to my *Eyes*, and a *Vexation* to my *Soul*; and see that at our next Meeting you shew not the least *Aversion* against your *Marriage* with *Artemelia*; but that you bound your Love and *Desires* in the compass of my *Will*, and that you tread no strange *Path*, but that you reform and recoilect your self first, by taking your *Rules* from me; and not resolutely to run your self headlong to *Ruin*, and me to *Dis honour*: But if you have any *Extravagant Love*, destroy it whilst it is young in the Bud; and learn to forget it, before you come to the *Knowledge* of what it is.

Return

Return no Answer to justifie what I must condemn, but regulate your Ways and Life by my Directions ; and having so sure a Guide you cannot err, or go astray. But if you continue still obstinate and audacious in your Proceedings, you shall find I'll disinherit you both of my Love and Estate, and make Account of you but as a Stranger, and a Rebel to my Blood.

Having said this, he left me, and departed. But alas! How can I describe to you the Grief that did seize on me at that time when Desdemona came to my Remembrance, and my Father's Cruelty was fresh in my Memory! Oh, how was I torn between Love and Duty! Now it was that Love led me in a Maze so difficult and intricate, that my best Endeavours could not keep me from Ruin. To go forward was dangerous, but to return backwards did shew more perillous.

‘ Like a poor Traveller in a Desert Wilderness, pursu’d by a Fearful, Hungry, Lean-jaw’d Beast, who in most fearful Manner always follows him to devour him. The poor Man thinks by his strong Travel to avoid the Evil Beast that still follows him ; but being quite beaten out by long Travel and Fear, he stands in a Maze ; to go out of his Way is grievous, and to return back is present Death. Affrighted with his Danger, he endeavours by Craft (as his last Remedy) to deceive the Beast in his Pursuit. By chance he espies a deep Pit by the Way-side, and a little below the Pit’s brim grows a Twig, which the poor Man seeing, goes and takes hold of the Twig, thinking thereby to avoid the Beast ; but then casting his Eyes down to the Bottom of the
‘ Pit,

‘ Pit, he sees a number of Serpents, Dragons,
 ‘ and other venomous Beasts, waiting for his
 ‘ Fall to devour him; then casting his Eyes up,
 ‘ he sees the hungry, lean-jaw’d Beast gnawing
 ‘ asunder the Twig that he holds by; whereby
 ‘ he is bereft of all Hope and Help, and left to
 ‘ his devouring Enemies.

Such, Madam, was my desperate Condition: My sweetest Hopes began to leave me, Horror and Despair began to possess me, and Fear raised out of the Expectation of a more happy Change. This confirm’d me in the ominous Presages that did befall me in my return homeward from my dearest *Desdemona*.

How uncertain is Felicity that is rais’d on an uncertain Foundation! It is as soon rais’d as rais’d, as soon destroy’d as founded. Such was mine; who not Two Hours before did imagine the Destinies could not work a Change in my Happiness, found now by Experience the Mutability and Alteration of Earthly Felicities, in finding my self Miserable, that in so small a Time before esteem’d my self Happy above the Reach of Fortune.

After I had well weigh’d and consider’d all the Difficulties on either side that might befall me, I resolv’d at last that my Love should reign supream, and remain entire to Fair *Desdemona*; but yet withal, that I would shew a yielding Consent to my Father’s Will in my Marriage with *Artemesia*; and like to Watermen, that Row one way, and look another, yet bring the Boat to the desir’d Place; so I did endeavour by this Policy, seemingly to accord with my Father’s Desires, when my Inclinations row’d a contrary Course; and whilst openly I did
 com-

comply with him, inwardly I might procure my own Content; flattering my self, that as Fortune had made so sudden a Change in my Happiness, in some small time she might beget as great an Alteration in my Misfortunes, and at last bring me to the period of my Desires: Of which, though I had small Cause to hope, yet I did not wholly despair, since I did daily behold as great Mutations and Chances happen.

I did further resolve not to acquaint *Desdemona* with my Father's Resolutions, lest it might beget her Discontent, which would more disturb my own Quier. My Intentions now were quite altered, and I began to repent my foolish Rashness, in revealing what I should have kept secret. But now I did intend to conceal my Passion for the future, since I had only given Manifestation of my Love, and not of the Person belov'd, which I did expound as one happy Presage of my more fortunate Proceedings. This Way I had fixt on, since I had no other wherein I might walk with more Security. Nor did my Hopes altogether fail me; for by my crafty Wiles, the next time I accosted my Father I had set so strange a Face on my former Proceedings, shewing my self so dutiful and pliant to all his Intents and Purposes, as begat Wonder in him when he did behold it. He question'd of me who this Object might be to whom I did shew so great, and seem to have so firm an Affection not long since, which now I did seem to slight, and coldly to neglect?

I understood very well the Subtleness and Craft he us'd, and how, like my self, his Actions

tions were working one Way, and his Desires another, but both agreeing to intrap me in my dearest Secrets. But *Old Birds are not caught with Chaff*; for he could not so closely work his Mine to deceive me, but I as privately made my Countermine to blow him up; which I perform'd in this Manner.

' Sir, (*replied I,*) you are too passionate in
' your last Discourse; and what I proposed only
' to try your Inclinations, how you would have
' allowed of a Change, if I could have admitted
' of an Alteration, this you took to be a Verity,
' and too severely rebuked me for what was only
' a Fiction; not allowing me one Moment of
' Time wherein I might disabuse you in your
' Error, and ask you Pardon for my over-confi-
' dent Presumption, in raising so great a Tem-
' pest from so small a Cause. Sir, let this satisfie
' you, that what I did then deliver unto
' you was all Falshood; and that I have not,
' nor ever will, fix my Affections without your
' Approbation and Allowance.

This Compliance to his Will, so contrary to his Expectations, began to work Wonders in his Mind; when my Artifice had perswaded him that all my former Discourses and Protestations were meer Deceit; so that instead of continuing so fierce in his Proceedings, he became more mild, his Choler abated, he left accusing me, and began to accuse himself. I took hold of this Opportunity, aggravating his Mistake, yet by all Ways wherein any likelihood did appear exempting my self from Blame. And so far did I insinuate my self into his Soul of my Innocence in the Cause that he suspected me, that my Deceit became approved Verities, and
what

what I cou'd relate in my Defence receiv'd as undoubted Truths; so that I think he never parted from me with a greater Shew of Love and Satisfaction than at this time.

' By this you may guess at the over-credulous Belief of Old Age, which is most subject and prone to believe each senseless Story, and wonder at what is related, although the Sense many times comes far short of the Truth, because his Years have been Spectators of Alterations and Accidents as strange; so that he believes what he doth not see, and perhaps never was done, by the Example of some things strange and rare, which in former time he hath seen. So willing are they to believe Impossibilities, wherein we see small likelihood of Truth. But if such will so soon be traduc'd, and drawn to believe Falshoods, how easily will they be brought to embrace a Fiction, adorn'd in the Robes of Truth; such an one as may jump with their Desires and Wishes! For we all find our selves apt and ready enough to be deceiv'd, and with eagerness hug the Deceit, when it sweetly holds Correspondency with our Hopes; the Lustre of which blinds us from seeing the Falshood, or else, like a jealous Husband, we fear to discover what we would not know; when the Knowledge of that reveal'd may destroy the Happiness we enjoy, and consequently bring the Disquiet and Displeasure that we fear.

Whether this occasioned my Father's Enquiry to cease I cannot tell, but I well know I deceiv'd him in his own Craft, and overwrought him in his own Device. Neither did I in Words alone confirm him in his Belief, but manifest-

manifested the same in my Carriage and Actions; so that a Week or Ten Days passed in this manner before I did offer in the least to absent my self from my Father's House. After which time I did secretly and privately many times visit and converse with my lovely *Desdemona*, but I made my Visits much shorter; which was soon perceiv'd and taken notice of by *Desdemona*, who urg'd a Consummation of our Marriage; fearing, as indeed afterwards it hapned, that some unhappy Obstruction might defer it. I comforted her amidst these Fears with my Promise of Loyalty, and with my best Endeavours to procure my Father's Consent; which if I should fail of I firmly engaged to perform all the Rites of Marriage at the end of one Month's time from thence next ensuing. With this Promise she remain'd satisfy'd, and in her Satisfaction I rested highly contented. We agreed, lest my often Resort should beget Jealousies of that which as yet her Parents had no Mistrust, that by a secret Way into the Garden I should have access at certain times, when I might securely enter: Which to perform either we appointed a time at our parting, or else by a certain Token of a Handkerchief, that gave me Assurance I might securely pass.

By such secret and unmistrusted Paths I oftentimes visited my dearest Lady; who receiv'd me with as kind Endearments, and sweet Embracements; where I oftentimes enjoy'd without Controul the happy Felicity and Fruition of her Love. 'But what Man is possess'd of a Mine of Wealth which doth not bring with it Cares and Dangers? As the Bee carries Honey

'ney in her Mouth, but a Sting in her Tail; so
'unlawful Pleasures seem Heaven in the Per-
'formance, but Hell in the Continuance.

In these bitter Sweets, and stol'n Pleasures, some Thtee Months had pass'd since I first saw *Desdemona*, and almost One since I made her the last Promise of Wedlock. Now the Time began to draw near to confirm by Marriage what I had already perform'd by Contract with *Artemesia*; and now, alas, my dearest *Desdemona* found herself conceiv'd, and quick with Child. In neglecting the first I was certain to procure my Father's Displeasure; but in the latter, before Gods and Men, I could not quit my self of grievous Ingratitude. In the first my Ignorance might excuse me; but to the latter I could plead no Excuse, since my Vows to *Desdemona* proceeded from my very Soul, and no doubt had pierced the Gates of Heaven; when my Contract with *Artemesia* was perform'd only of Course, and in Satisfaction of my Father's Humour, and not for any Inclination or Love on my Part. So I resolv'd to continue firm and constant to *Desdemona*, and procure my own Content, in hazarding my Father's Displeasure, rather than to satisfy his Ambition with my own Torment.

'Had I continued here I had stood firm;
'but the Bias of Fortune is too feeble for a
'Man to stand secure on, and too much mo-
'ving to continue constant; and the Mind of
'Man is as various as Fortune is fickle and
'unconstant. As well may a Man build a spa-
'cious Castle on the Ocean, or a strong wall'd
'City in the Air, as seek to ground a Founda-
'tion,

tion, or raise a Building on a weak Resolution.

This, Madam, you will see verify'd in me; for the Time approach'd in sight wherein I must be Married to *Artemesia*, but not the least Remembrance was given me by my Father for a preparation; so that I began to bury the Thoughts of it in forgetfulness, thinking some difference had lately happen'd between my Father and *Artemesia's* Parents, so that I began to account my self secure as to that.

But a change of Fortune soon put me out of that Mind; for one Morning when I did least suspect such Deceit, my Father desir'd me to array my self in my best Attire, and wait on him to the great Temple of the City. This I perform'd with great Willingness, not mistrusting that any Deceit or Treachery had lain hid in his Request: So that I ran headlong to my Ruin; and before I could sound the Depth of his Plot, I found my self Shipwrecked on a Rock. I was no sooner ready but I attended him to Church, only accompanied with my Mother, who was of his Confederacy. We soon arriv'd at the Temple, yet with more Haste than good Speed; for I was no sooner enter'd, but to my Amazement I saw the Earl of *Palermo*, with his Daughter *Artemesia*, with all his and my Father's Friends attending him, richly attir'd, and nobly accompanied, and the Priest standing ready to join our Hands. They all came to receive and welcome me with much Respect, but my Amazement would not let me receive their Kindnesses with Endearments and Behaviour as I ought to have done; for it was such a strange, unexpected and unacceptable

ceptable Sight, that I could not suddenly recover from my Astonishment; rather thinking it to be a Dream, or a Fiction, than any thing but what indeed it was.

My Father came and rous'd me from this Trance: ' Son, (*said he,*) wonder not at what ' you see, but recollect your self, and embrace your Fortune. Surprizes in Love make ' them of greater Value. And this Business ' was manag'd by me, that a Blessing that falls ' on you unlook'd for might be by you more ' priz'd and esteem'd. Cease your Marvel then, ' and accost those Friends with Respect that are ' ready to receive you.

His Discourse being ended, and all the Company having drawn themselves together to hear my Reply; *You bid me dissipate my Amazement,* (*said I,*) *but my Wonder grows greater. I must confess Artemesia is a Fortune above my Hopes or Deserts; yet such an one as I cannot with safety Possess, nor welcome it with Content; lest by enjoying such a Happiness I should enforce the Heavenly Deities to make her wretched and miserable for my Sake. For to put you out of doubt, know I am betroth'd already to one that is as Vertuous as Fair; with whom I have tied such an inviolable Knot that 'tis past the Art of Man to unloose it, without provoking the Gods to a Revenge: There's no Promise but I have made it, no Protestation but I have perform'd it, no Ceremony but I have sign'd it, nor is there any Obligation or Vow but I have seal'd it. Our Loves are intire; and Heaven is our Witness and Evidence that there rests nothing but this outward Ceremony to make us one: Heaven hath join'd our Hearts, this can only join our Hands. In this Reason will tell you I have shewn no Disobedience; since as I lately told you Heaven gave me*

a Soul, and 'tis only that I have dispos'd of, with its Consent: My Body is yet free, which you gave me; but it may as well survive without a Soul as revoke the Vows I have lately made. My Affection is so entire, that if all things admit of Change it cannot be subject to Alteration: And should Death itself approach I should continue firm in the Grave.

I had continued my Discourse, but my Father hastily interrupting me, drew his Sword, and presented it against my Breast, Die then, *Rebellious Villain*, (said he,) and enjoy the Fruits of your Affection in the Dust. This Action was no sooner taken notice of by *Artemesia*, but she freed herself from her Father; and casting herself before my Father's Weapon, Hold (said she) barbarous and unnatural Man, and pierce this Breast; 'twill shew less horrid and inhumane. This unexpected Action, with his Friends Perswasions and Intreaties, made him sheath his Sword, whilst a Salamander did seem to live in his Eyes, which shot forth Fire, like a murdering Cannon, that lightens e'er it smoaks. Wicked Wretch, (said he,) I disown thee from this Hour from being my Son, and revoke all Ties and Priviledges that Love or Nature hath given thee: I disinherit thee of all; and do not dare from this Minute to assume the Confidence to appear in my Presence as thou render'st thy Life and Safety. Having said thus in a chafing Rage, he left me, taking his Walk into the Cloysters of the Temple.

Now, Madam, (continued he,) suffer me to dilate, and in some sort to express how the Scope of my Misfortunes receiv'd their main Original. Hitherto I only brought Fewel, my Father set it on Fire; and by his passionate Rashness occasion'd the mournful Tragedy of this ensuing Story, which

I fear will force Tears from your fair Eyes. For as from one small Spark a great and furious Flame will arise, so from excess of Passion proceeds uncommon Causes, and strange Effects: For if Nature derogate from its usual Course, no wonder then if it degenerate, and bring forth Monsters. Unhappy is that Man where Passion reigns supreme, it is destructive to himself and others. The Mind is subject to many Passions, but this most hateful: 'Tis like the Fern-seed, that Men say buds, blossoms, ripens and shatters all within an Hour; for what Anger invents, Passion puts into immediate execution. So *Alexander* slew his Dear Friend, for whom afterwards he bitterly repented: And so a Father had almost become the Murderer of his own Son. Any thing in the Use becomes a second Nature; so doth Passion where it gains Precedency; so like the Sea raging beyond its Bounds, disturb'd by the boisterous Winds. How hard and intricate was the Way I had to go, and how difficult the Choice I had to make! Both seem'd deadly, and therefore either of 'em fearful. 'Tis a great Oversight in Parents by their Authority to procure their Childrens Ruin, when to obey 'em they'll inforce 'em to prove perjur'd to the Deities; and so by making 'em their Friends, make the Host of Heaven their Enemies; and by giving 'em Content, become their own Disturbers: But sure the fault of disobeying Parents in things of this Nature might have been excusable; and there might not have been so much Difficulty in the Choice if I had priz'd Eternal Happiness above a Moment's Anger. But alas, alas! Who can retreat that is predestinated to Destruction?

' Age should be a Patern for Youth to walk
 ' by, Reason should be its Guide ; that Reason
 ' being refin'd by Experience, should be a Helm
 ' to direct wild wandring Youth ; for Passion is
 ' peculiar to Youth, so should Wisdom and Gra-
 ' vity be to Age. Let all Men shun Anger and Pas-
 ' sion as they would shun a Serpent that would
 ' devour 'em: It never brings Content, but al-
 ' ways begets new Aggravations of Folly ; 'twill
 ' disturb their who'e Body and Frame asleep
 ' or awake: Indeed it will. To give you a small
 ' Description of Passion, and what it represents,
 ' 'tis like a dry Pitchy Matter, which as soon as
 ' fir'd grows into a Flame. Like a Boisterous
 ' Tempest to the Mariner, or like an Arrow let fly
 ' from the incens'd Enemy. He which enter-
 ' tains Passion, makes much of his own Destru-
 ' ction when his Passions become his Masters ;
 ' and what was only entertain'd as a Guest, be-
 ' gins to take free Possession: Then he becomes
 ' like an unskilful Conjuror, that having rais'd a
 ' Spirit, knows not how to lay it again without
 ' Danger; so passionate Men perform that in
 ' Fury and Rashness which they wish undone
 ' when Reason takes Place ; repenting of what
 ' they have perform'd out of Passion, and can-
 ' not remedy or amend at leisure.

But to leave off this Discourse, in which I fear
 I have detain'd you too long, I'll go forward with
 my Story. Understand then, my Father was no
 sooner parted and gone away, but poor *Artemesia*
 receiv'd a check from her Parents and Kindred,
 for her too much Diligence and Care in preserv-
 ing me, who did slight and neglect her ; and
 that it had rather pertain'd to my Friends to have
 Interceded,

interceded, and diverted the Blow, than herself.

My Mother, with all my Relations, came and importun'd me not to continue so obstinate, with Intreaties and Perswasions, urging the Danger I cast my self into, by bringing on my Head my Father's Displeasure and Curse. Then to compleat and finish what they had begun, they bring the Priest, who begins me this Discourse.

Son, (said he,) the Romans did punish Disobedience in their Children with Death; so your Father had almost committed a Tragedy on you with his own Hands. Obstinacy in a Child is like Rebellion in a Subject, which always sounds horrid and notorious, let the Occasion be never so just. I will not now debate the justness of your Contract with the second Lady, but in my Judgment the first with Artemesia should have Precedency; being acknowledged by your self, and allowed by your Parents, and therefore must needs be of greater Force and Authority than the latter. In saying this I have given you my Opinion; but now I will give you my Counsel: I must agree with your Friends to persuade you that you would not continue so wilful in your Determination, but yield Obedience to your Father's Will: Whatsoever obliges it is of no force if it hinder a Compliance with your Duty. Consider, when a Man is enraged what he is liable to perform; as in this dreadful Example. Cease then any further Provocations, and comply with your Father's Desires; since that way you may walk securely, when the other cannot be gone without danger; and doubt not but I will pacify all this Stir, and quell all this Disturbance. I would have replied, but so many did importune me that I had not time to answer, or repel their Temptings; but being vanquished by my Mother's

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Tears,

Tears, and their Intreaties, I agreed to undo my self to humour them.

I was hitherto miserable, but I was more wretched in being belov'd by *Artemesia*; for if her Love and Affection had not been so great, there might have been hope that my Coldness might have begot an Aversion in her towards me. 'But like
 ' a Merchant o'ercharg'd with Debt, when he be-
 ' gins to fall all things agree to ruin him; so that
 ' he only knows then to be wretched; and them
 ' from whom he hopes and expects for Relief, most
 ' times conspire and agree to his Ruin. And as the
 ' *Persians* adore the rising Sun, and curse it again
 ' e'er the Day be half spent; so Fortune seems to
 ' court the Man that flourishes in Prosperity,
 ' and scornfully neglect him when he falls into
 ' Adversity.

This was the last Blow, and I utterly undone; For upon notice of my Consent my Father return'd with *Artemesia* and the Earl of *Palermo*, her Father, where in the midst of a great Throng of People, which this Disturbance had brought together, the Priest joined our Hands, the usual Ceremonies were performed with great State, which being once ended, I was attended by my Friends, with a very great Company, to my Father's House, where with Revels, Musick, Masking, Dancing and Feasting, they pass'd away the residue of that Day; and the Night approached, when my Father, with the Earl of *Palermo*, conducted us to our Lodging, where they left us, as they imagin'd, to make a new Banquet of Pleasures. But they were no sooner departed out of the Chamber, but taking her by the Hand, *Madam*, (said I,) this Body you have so virtuously preserv'd is but a poor Recompence in Consideration of the Danger you underwent

derwent for my sake; and I fear you will soon grow weary of what so lately you had an Esteem for, since I am become a Burthen and Torment to my self, and by consequence in the Use may prove so to you. O Artemesia! Thou enjoyest this wretched and miserable Part of me, the Body, when my Soul is bestow'd elsewhere: Thou hast only the Shadow of what I am, when another enjoys the Substance: Thou hast Leaves, when another gathers the Fruit. How for your sake only cou'd I wish Love were no Mathematick Point, but would admit of Division; that in some sort I might quit the Obligation that I owe you! O cruel Parents! You are too unkind to procure my Discontent, and give no Medicine to dissipate it.

Poor Artemesia stood dissolv'd in Tears at my Discourse; and although the Continuance of my Disasters made my Misfortunes become an Use, so to grow senseless of my Sorrows, yet I could not continue insensible of her Miseries, nor refrain participating in them Grievs which had their Original from me; and although I could not Love, yet I could be pitiful: So that clasping her in my Arms, oftentimes kissing her, Come to my Bed, my Love, (said I,) and let us see if the Night can yield us as great Felicities as the Day has be-gotten us Miseries.

Oh, how was I wreck'd by my Conscience that ensuing Night, which presented my Ingratitude in lively Colours! The Day approached, but to no other End but to renew my Miseries, and make my Perfidiousness seem the greater. Artemesia with her kind and sweet Speeches, and lovely Behaviour, did endeavour to divert these melancholy Discontents: And this seemed as another Dagger to pierce my Breast, since I could make no return for such a Mine of Love. However, I car-

ried my-self to the Eyes of all Beholders, contrary to my usual Behaviour; yet to my Wife I would give no Occasion to despair, lest she might find the Ca'amities she had fallen in too soon.

Two Days had pass'd away since my Marriage with *Artemesia*, and the third approached, wherein I had given my Faith to Marry *Desdemona*. The remembrance wrought so strongly on my Affections that I intended to write and excuse my self, lest she might think, by my neglect, I performed that willingly, that I was enforc'd to do by necessity: So that taking Pen and Ink I wrote as followeth.

Almerin to Desdemona.

My Dearest Joy,

IF Necessity might be permitted to plead my Excuse I might hope for Pardon; but I know my self too great a Criminal to plead Not guilty. I am condemn'd already, before Sentence is pronounced by your Fair Self; and I find my Faults too notorious to hope a Reprieve: Yet should you consider my Cause judiciously you would pity where you would not forgive. To hold you no longer in suspence, I must relate what indeed you least expect to hear; which when known you will wish it had still been kept a Secret. My Dearest Love, I am Married; and that Word will acquaint thee I am wedded to my own Ruin. I will not go about to diminish or lessen my Fault, though I might plead some Excuse; but I will rather accuse myself, and aggravate my Crime; for of Two Evils the least is to be chosen, and I have chosen the greatest: I have wilfully sought my own Destruction when I might have shunned it: And who will pity a Spendthrift that willingly makes himself a Bankrupt? I ought to have been constant to thee, and fronted my
Father

Father's utmost Displeasure; nor should Anger, Loss of Estate, or that which is more precious, Life itself, have induced me to court my Ruin: But like an unskilful Gamester, that has lost his whole Estate at one Cast, sits down and repents of that which his Wisdom might have prevented; so I repent of my own Folly, and lament what is irrecoverable. I have nothing now to do but despair; for all Happiness is vanished as to me, and my future Joys are fled away with my Hopes. There is not the dearest Good on Earth I would entertain or welcome for a Happiness now I have lost the Felicity of being yours, since all other Happinesses are summ'd up in that one. My Folly has been my Torment, and my Chastisement shall be equal to my Folly. But, my Best Love, seeing my Ingratitude and Perfidioussness is such that I cannot expect Forgiveness, yet let me carry this Comfort to my Grave, that you did not hate me, and I shall rest quietly in the Dust.

Almerin.

I sent this Letter by one that did attend me, of whom I had often made Trial of his Secrecy and Fidelity; to him I revealed all the Particulars which had happen'd to *Desdemona* and my self, and of the continuance of our Loves. It is some Comfort in our Miseries when we have a Partner in our Sorrows, one that will participate in our Griefs, and to whom with Confidence we may reveal our closest Secrets. Such an one was this Man, whose Name ought not to be conceal'd in this Story: *Fidelio* was his Name, and it well suited with his Nature. I gave him Directions to the Garden-gate, with a Charge to remain there till he saw *Desdemona* enter; with a Description of her Person, and an Excuse in his Mouth in my behalf.

half. Away he went to execute what I had commanded him, whilst I, with an earnest Expectation, waited his Return. The Day began to grow aged, and Night with her Sable Mantle began to appear, when like a careful Watchman and true Centinel I expected to be relieved: Like a poor Offender uncondemned, wishes earnestly to know the worst of his Condition; so with a Desire like his I carefully attended my Sentence from my fairest *Desdemona*. *Fidelio* long expected, at last carefully returned: I no sooner saw him but I endeavoured to read my Destiny in his Looks; but I beheld there a sad Omen to attend me. Yet with an earnest Desire, accompany'd with many timorous and suspicious Apprehensions, I thus bespoke him. *Fidelio*, dost thou intend to make me linger away in Expectation and Silence with that which being revealed will kill as soon as known? What is *Desdemona's* Sentence? Be it Happiness or Misery, Joy or Sorrow, Life or Death, nothing can be bitter or harsh what she commands, but I shall be all Obedience. Like all Men, I am loth to suspect where I Love, yet it is not without Pain I expect your Answer. I am earnest you should reveal what perhaps I would not know; yet I would fain know the worst, that I might be freed from the Fear of worse to come.

He returned me no Answer, but drawing a Letter forth his Bosom, Sir, (said he,) here is that will give you a better Account of your Fortune than my self; peruse that; after which I will give you a Relation of all the particular Passages have happen'd and fallen out in this small Time of Absence.

I had no leisure for a Reply, but kissing her Letter, I hastily open'd it, and carefully read these Lines, which while I live I shall retain and keep in Memory.

Desdemona

Desdemona to Almerin.

Perfidious Man!

IF I had prized my own Felicity before your Content I had been as Happy as I am now Miserable. It grieves me more than my Misfortunes, to see one whom I did esteem as dear as my self, become spotted with that Heinous and Infamous Sin of Ingratitude, to Triumph in the Ruins of a Maid which did but prize you above her Life. I should not have believ'd it, but I see it confirm'd by your own Hand, that your Breast, where I reposed my Life and Honour, could harbour any Deceit or Falshood. Barbarous and cruel Man! Would you make Necessity an Excuse for your Infidelity, and your Accusations of your self a Salve for my Misery? No such Medicine will cure my Disasters, neither will such Balsam repair the Wounds of my Honour: Both were violated by your self, but you have now made your self incapable of such a Restitution as might perfect the Cure; the Remedy is become as dangerous as the Disease; and both are become hopeless of a Cure. I could accuse you for betraying me. There may be Hopes of conquering and overcoming Difficulties, but there can be none in expecting Impossibilities. It is now too late to exclaim against you, because the Storm is already fallen; so that it is past your Skill and above your Art to divert it. Your being become your own Accuser hath quitted me of that Pain; and your Evidence you have given against your self has saved me the Labour of convicting you, but it will not quit me of complaining against you, and calling you pitiless: Cruel to your self, in the Misfortunes of this Innocent Babe, the Burthen of my Womb; and pitiless to me the unfortunate Mother. O Al-

merin! If you had studied Fidelity and Constancy, as much as you have Deceit and Falshood, I had not been thus miserable, nor you so wretched as you would make me believe you are. You sue for Pardon; it is no hard Matter to have it granted from one that cannot hate you, and in spite of herself must still love you. I wish the Gods would forget the Vows and Invocations you have register'd with 'em as willingly as I forgive you: But I fear some heavy Curse and Summons is issued out against you, for your sacrilegious Violation of their Deities, which I pray Heaven to divert. If my Blood would make Satisfaction and Atonement for your Crimes, I should willingly sacrifice it for your Offences; that as in my Life, so in Death, I might continue yours more than my own.

Desdemona.

These Words, like Darts, wounded my very Soul; each Line agreeing to make me more miserable and guilty than before I could imagine myself to be. Her innocent Sweetness made my Infidelity appear more horrid and notorious. *Fidelio*, to make me more monstrous, and to perfect the grievousness of my Crimes, at my Request related these few Particulars.

' Sir, (*said he,*) according to your Order and
' Directions I staid at the Garden-gate some
' time, but it was not long before I saw *Desdemona*
' enter, and with her Presence, like another Sun,
' did enliven, and at one time dazle, the Eyes of
' the Beholders: Her Attire was negligent and
' careless, her Countenance seemed to be clouded
' with a sweet melancholy Sadness, fitly suited to
' her Thoughts; and though all were shadowed
' and overcast with a Veil of Grief, yet she seem-

' ed

'ed lovely charming, since it did only serve that
 ' we might behold her Perfections at a nearer di-
 ' stance, and her Vertues more apparent and plain.
 ' So we may face the Sun when he is clouded,
 ' which in a fair Day we dare not approach with
 ' our Eyes. Such was her Grief it would make one
 ' in Love with Sadness; and such her Gesture it
 ' would make one welcome Sorrow.

' Ravish'd with this Apparition I knocked at
 ' the Gate; which I had scarce done, but like a
 ' Goddess she appear'd, and amazedly fix'd her
 ' Eyes on my Face, perhaps presaging me to be
 ' some Harbenger of ill News; but quickly re-
 ' collecting herself, Sir, (said she,) are you not mi-
 ' staken? Have you any Business with any Person
 ' here? This is no common Way, and it gives me
 ' some cause of Wonder how you came here?

' Charm'd with her Speeches I returned this
 ' Answer, Madam, it was not a Mistake that
 ' brought me hither, nor by Chance that I appear be-
 ' fore you, but expressly, and on purpose. I was
 ' sent unto you by Almerin, the Governour's Son of
 ' Syracuse, with this Letter, with a Charge to de-
 ' liver it into your own Hands. With the Words I
 ' deliver'd her your Letter; which I had no sooner
 ' done, but I perceived she was possessed with an
 ' unusual and strange Agitation and Emotion
 ' of Spirit; sometimes the Roses of her Cheeks
 ' were overcast with a lovely Red, and suddenly
 ' they vanish'd, and gave way to the Lillies to
 ' possess their places. She kiss'd the Letter, and
 ' earnestly enquired of your Health, to which
 ' when I had given her an Answer, she intreated
 ' me to walk into the Garden; and so shutting
 ' the Door, she retired herself into a private Har-
 ' bour; where opening the Letter, she began to

‘ read it over, whilst I seated my self to behold
 ‘ her.

‘ When on a sudden all the former Signs of
 ‘ Joy vanish’d, and were dispers’d; her Visage was
 ‘ overcast with a fatal Disturbance, her Breast be-
 ‘ gan to pant, and a Shower of Tears began to fall
 ‘ from her fair Eyes, which hung on her Cheeks
 ‘ like Pearly Dew on a sweet-smelling Rose: Such
 ‘ were her Actions that they would have induced
 ‘ the wild Satyrs and fierce Beasts to Pity: It is not
 ‘ often I weep, but I could not refrain my self
 ‘ from Tears then, nor can I quit the Remem-
 ‘ brance now, but with a mortal Sadness. She
 ‘ shewed nothing of Rashness in her Carriage, as
 ‘ in venting her Complaints or Moans; but mildly
 ‘ and sweetly closing up all in her own Breast, till
 ‘ that Closet began to grow too little, and the Ves-
 ‘ sels too small to contain her Grievs, so that ei-
 ‘ ther it must have vent or burst.

‘ I beheld this Alteration with a grievous Trou-
 ‘ ble of Spirit, when in a Moment she began to be
 ‘ grievous pale; her Eyes, which did shine like Two
 ‘ Stars, began to grow dull: In fine, her Spirits
 ‘ being overcharged with Sorrow, and weary of so
 ‘ great a Burthen, forsook her; so that letting
 ‘ your Letter fall out of her Hands, imperfectly
 ‘ pronouncing these Words, *Ah me!* She fell into
 ‘ a deadly Trance, without any Motion, or Hopes
 ‘ of Life. I ran hastily to catch her before she fell,
 ‘ but I came too late; so that falling she had
 ‘ seated herself on a Bed of Violets, which seem’d
 ‘ to close and hang down their Heads at this Fatal
 ‘ Misfortune.

‘ Then it was I curst you for your Perfidiousness
 ‘ to so sweet a Creature, and for your Employ-
 ‘ ment in this Fatal Message. Heaven only knows
 ‘ the

' the Extreame of Grief I then endured: I could
 ' not go out of the Garden, and leave her in that
 ' forlorn Condition; yet to stay was perilous to my
 ' Life: But in a small Consultation my Pity o-
 ' vercame my Fear, and the Care of her Safety
 ' the Thoughts of my own Security: So that run-
 ' ning to a Fountain in the Garden, and taking
 ' cold Water in my Hands I sprinkled it on her
 ' Face; and taking her lovely Body in my Arms
 ' I softly began to bow her: So that opening her
 ' Fair Eyes, and sending Two or Three Heart-
 ' breathing Sighs, as a Token of her Soul's re-
 ' turn to her Body, which was loth, as it seem-
 ' ed, to leave so Fair a Habitation Tenantless.
 ' When her Senses began to execute their proper
 ' Function and Duty, casting her Eyes on me, and
 ' taking notice that I had her as yet embrac'd in
 ' my Arms; Sir; (*said she,*) *I perceive I have been a*
 ' *Trouble unto you, for which I ask your Pardon, and*
 ' *intreat you to assist me to yonder House; (shewing*
 ' *me a Place situate in the midst of the Garden;)*
 ' so that raising her up, I supported her by the
 ' Arm; (first taking up your Letter, which lay on
 ' the Ground:) I conducted her to the House,
 ' where she wrote the Letter that I now delivered
 ' you; and sealing it, gave it me with these Words,
 ' *Tell him I wish him much Happiness and Felicity,*
 ' *for my self tell him I shall hardly find any, but in*
 ' *the Grave.* So descending the Stairs, I attended
 ' her to the Gate; and so taking my Leave, I
 ' left her with Tears in her Eyes, bewailing your
 ' Ingratitude.

Thus *Fidelio* ended his Discourse, and continu-
 ed silent, making the Epilogue of his Discourse a
 melancholy Representation of the Story he had re-
 lated; by his Sighs confirming what he had said,

to be nothing but Verity. I could not retain from participating with him, since it could produce so much Pity in a Stranger's Breast, that but a few Hours before had but only seen her; without my Breast had been Marble it must melt into Compassion at this Rehearsal, accompanied with so many Actions of Remorse, and Demonstrations of Grief. I could do no less than hate my self, since she continu'd still to love me; making my Faults more odious, and my Crimes more notorious, for all my Perjury and Infidelity, betraying and abusing so much Innocence. *Desdemona* sends me Word she loves me still, and shall do so in Death; she forgives me too more than I can forgive my self: Yet this was the same *Desdemona*, whose Goodness and Kindness I so much abus'd. Her harmless Innocence began to set a higher Price on her Vertues in my Soul than formerly I had for her Beauties: I began now to know the worth of the Treasure I had forgone, and found the Value to surmount all Esteem.

Now all my Thoughts and Desires became wholly engag'd, to make my Endeavours suitable to my Mind, which made it its whole Business, in some sort, to tender an ample Satisfaction, in Recompence of the Injuries I had occasion'd her; but I found my Desires were all fruitless, and that my best Performances would be of no value, whilst *Artemesia* remained as an Obstacle to obstruct my Intentions. 'Twas here the Agents of Hell solicited and assisted me in this Tragical Design, so that her Death was concluded in a Moment; nothing remained but the Means how to effect it.

' When a Man is once made the Scope of the
' Miseries of Fortune, he only knows then what
it

' it is to be unhappy: So when a Man begins to
' be bad, he only knows then how to become more
' wicked. What at first seems Horrid, by Custom
' becomes an Use, and Use does metamorphose it
' into a Second Nature, Else could I have soon
' consented to add Murther to my Perjury? As if
' one Sin would expiate and make satisfaction for
' another Crime; not having patience to go by
' degrees, but I must run full speed to my Ruin.
' One Sin doth seldom go unaccompany'd alone,
' but is attended by a greater Evil. By Nature
' we are too prone, forward and eager, to be wic-
' ked, much more when we make it a Habit. I
' should have weaned my self from it in time,
' before it had procured my utter Destruction and
' Confusion; but I find too late I commiserate my
' own Folly, and complain of the Faults I might
' have prevented. So that all the Benefit that
' proceeds from that lamentable Story will be a
' Caution and a Warning to the Ages to come,
' that by my Harms they may prevent their own
' Destiny; and carefully taking warning by my
' Disasters, they may wisely shun the Rock
' whereon I was shipwreck'd.

As formerly I was Black with Perjury, now I
began to plot how to be Red with Murther, in tak-
ing away the innocent and guiltless Life of one
that not Five Days before had preserved mine:
But Reason and Consideration were banish'd then,
no Thought remained but how to accomplish and
finish what I had so barbarously begun. I had
thought of many Ways how to bring it about:
First, I thought to have strangled her in her Bed,
but that seem'd dangerous to perform. Poyson
at last I resolv'd on, which kills securely and se-
cretly. I was loth to trust any one with a Secret
of

of so great a Consequence, whereon my Life did depend: So that I went my self to an Apothecary in the City, of whom for some few Crowns I purchased the fatal Potion; and enjoining him to Secrecy, I went to perform my fearful Resolutions.

Being come to my Father's House I found poor *Artemesia* indisposed in her Bed, and going to see and visit her in her Chamber, I sat down by the Bedside, where casting her Arms about my Neck, and bestowing many a sweet Kiss on me, with Endearments so obliging, that if Hell had not conspired my Ruin sure it would have turn'd the Current of my Barbarous Design. Much Discourse passed, until she did desire to take a little Rest; so that kissing her, I left her to her Repose; but taking notice of a Posset or Cordial that was preparing on the Fire, the Maid being busie about her Mistress, and none else being present, like a Fiend of Hell, I hastily and unseen empty'd the Poyson into it, and so departed away undescry'd. About half an Hour after this invenom'd Drink was administer'd unto her; which spreading itself by degrees into all Parts of her vital Spirits, with its Force soon made a separation betwixt the Soul and Body, and left only her breathless Corps on the Bed.

This sudden Rumour of her more sudden Death begat an Admiration in them to whom it was related. Accompany'd with my Father and Mother I went to see her lifeless Trunk, not without Tears in my Eyes; but I cannot safely say whether it was in Deceit, the better to over-veil and put a Mask on my Villany, or the woful Object which was presented to my Eyes; but for one, or either, or both together, many Signs of Sorrow I did make.

make. Mean while Messengers were sent to my Father-in-Law, the Earl of *Palermo*, with the heavy Tidings of his Daughter's untimely Death: They arrived at the House about the Evening, but the Lamentations and Moans they made over the untimely Hearse of their dear Child were numberless. They were not without Doubts and Mistrusts about the sudden Occasion of her Death; but having no Light whereon they might build or ground a Suspicion, it vanished as soon as it received Birth. After Nature had paid her Tribute in Pariential Tears, her Body was carefully Coffin'd up, and about Two Days after, the same Company that attended me in my Bridal Nuptials in State and Triumph, this Day accompany'd the Corps of poor *Artemesia*; and her sorrowful and disconsolate Parents, all cloath'd in Black, as best suiting and agreeing with the mournful Object, they attended. At last we arrived at the Temple, where the Body was committed to the Earth, after the usual Ceremonies of the Dead were celebrated. And here I cannot be silent, although I shall aggravate my own Crimes.

When I consider and meditate on the Frailty of poor Mortals, and the Vicissitudes and Alterations they are subject unto. Here was but a Seven Days space between a Marriage-bed and a Grave, betwixt Joy and Sorrow, and a smaller time betwixt Life and Death; but in the space of a few Hours a Man becomes no Man. 'Man returns to the Dust
' from whence he came, his Remembrance is bury'd
' with him; and when Two Generations have passed he is as if he had never been. He comes
' forth like a pleasant Flower, and is soon pluck'd
' by the Hand of Death: If he continue he soon
' begins to wither of himself; and Age, and Time,
' like a tedious Winter, soon nips away his Lustre
' and

' and Glory, and leaves him covered with a hoary
 ' Frost. Oh the Vanity of Humane Nature! There is
 ' no good thing that he enjoys but it is past, pre-
 ' sent, or to come: If past, it is nothing; if to
 ' come, uncertain; and if present, they are not
 ' satisfactory to our Desires. And thus we spend
 ' our little Time we continue here in Hope and
 ' Despair; and having with much Labour and
 ' Misery purchas'd a Good we know not how to
 ' use it, so frail are our Lives, so uncertain are
 ' our Thoughts, so vain our Designs, so beguiled
 ' are our Hopes, and so betray'd are our Opinions:
 ' Thus we spend a few Years in Doubts, Fears,
 ' Despairs, Joys, Sorrows, Felicities, Miseries;
 ' Plenty, Want, Adversity, Prosperity; in Ma-
 ' lice, Envy, Love, Hate, Jealousies, Wrath, An-
 ' ger, Mirth, Sadness, Ease, Pain; Sicknes and
 ' Gluttony, in Pride and Lust; with Patience and
 ' Meekness, to overcome all these Difficulties in
 ' this miserable Life: When Death on a sudden
 ' gives us a short Summons; and so we play this
 ' last Act on the Theatre of the World, in a
 ' few Moments we return to the Earth, and are
 ' no more seen; so that the very Thoughts are
 ' buried with us in Oblivion, and our Memory
 ' soon rots with our Bodies in the Dust.

' It is vertue alone will raise Pyramids to per-
 ' petuate our Memory, that when our Bodies are
 ' dissolved, will bud and yield forth Blossoms in
 ' the Dust; so that when we are dead we only
 ' then begin to live. Always to be great in this
 ' World is not always to be good; nor always to
 ' be mighty, is not always to be happy. If so *Baja-*
 ' *zet* might have been happy; one of the Race
 ' of the *Ottomans*, Lord of the *Turkish* Empire, and
 ' Master of a great Part of the World, yet he in-
 ' timates unto us they are most wretched: For
 ' it

' it is related when he was in the height of his
 ' *Grecian Conquests, Tamerlain, King of Parthia,*
 ' with an Army of Three Hundred Thousand Men,
 ' like a violent Whirlwind march'd against him;
 ' he put all his *Turkish* Prisoners to the Sword,
 ' and rased his Cities to the Ground. Amongst
 ' many that were us'd thus, the Famous City of
 ' *Sebastia* was one, highly priz'd by *Bajazet*; which
 ' unpleasant News coming unto him, he rais'd his
 ' Siege from before *Constantinople* with much Dis-
 ' content, and with his Army set forwards to meet
 ' *Tamerlain*; when in the midst of his march, by
 ' the side of a pleasant Hill, sate a poor Shepherd,
 ' keeping of his Flocks, and making delightful
 ' Melody with his Pipe; which *Bajazet* hearing,
 ' made a sudden stop, giving attentive Ear to his
 ' Rural Musick. After a serious Contemplation
 ' he uttered the Words, beginning the Prologue
 ' with a deep Sigh: *O happy Shepherd, that hast*
 ' *no Sebastia to lose!* Intimating his Grief for the
 ' loss of so gallant a City, and the Felicity of a
 ' contented Mind. And in the Conclusion he
 ' became an Example of his Verity; for in that
 ' Fatal Battle he fought with *Tamerlain*, the great-
 ' est part of his Army being dispers'd and slain, the
 ' rest fled, and himself taken Prisoner, his Prison
 ' being an Iron Cage; and his Pride was abased, be-
 ' ing made *Tamerlain's* Footstool. To put a Pe-
 ' riod to his Iguominy and Shame, finding no o-
 ' ther way to perform it with Conveniency, he
 ' dash'd his Brains out against the Irons Bars of the
 ' Cage, and so died a miserable Death.

' *Guillimur*, that Valiant King of the *Vandals*,
 ' that had twice sack'd *Rome*, being overcome by
 ' *Belisarius*, was shewn in triumph before the Em-
 ' peror; to whom, with a grave, undaunted Coun-
 ' tenance

“ renance, he utter’d these Words *Vanity of Vanity, all is Vanity.*

“ *Belisarius* himself, which had gain’d so many Famous Battles over the *Persians, Goths and Vandals*, and greatly enlarg’d the *Roman Empire* by his Valour, through Malice of his Enemies, growing in Dislike with his Prince, had his Eyes bored out; by which Means he was forced by Necessity to beg by the Highway side; *Date obolum Belisario: For God’s sake give one Half-penny to poor Belisarius.*

“ What shall I say, (continued *Almerin*?) Are not Kings mortal as well as meaner Men? Do they not become subject to the same Changes of Misfortune? Does not Death always attend ’em? Surely yes. Else had not *Philip* King of *Macedon*, fearing to be puffed up with his Prosperity, and that he should forget the frailty of his Condition, commanded his Page every Morning to sound this shrill Musick in his Ear, *Remember, Philip, thou art a Mortal Man.* Which soon proved to be a Verity in him; for as he was solemnizing and celebrating the Nuptials and Coronation of his Son *Alexander*, in the midst of his Jollity was stabb’d by one *Pausianus*, to whom formerly he denied Justice.

“ *Alexander Magnus*, Son of *Philip*, and Monarch of all the then known World, being saluted for a God, and Sacrifices and Adorations used unto him, yet being at the Siege of an Indian City, was sorely wounded with an Arrow, and feeling the Pain of his Wound; passionately utter’d these Speeches, *They call me Son of Jupiter, (said he,) but I find I am subject to Pain, Sickness, and Wounds, like other Men.* These Words soon took their Effect in himself, and Death

“ found

found him out in the height of his Victories,
 glorying in his Triumphant Trophies, when he
 thought himself invincible, as he was encom-
 pass'd with his Valiant Captains, environ'd with
 a numberless Army, in the height of his Pride,
 in the midst of his Cups, surfeiting in the las-
 civious inordinate Affections of his Concubines,
 in the Flower and Prime of his Youth, died of
 this riotous Excess: Or as other Writers affirm,
 was poyson'd by *Cassander*, one of his own Cap-
 tains. They all agree he died suddenly, that
 all his Attendants forsook him, his Commanders
 fled, his Army sever'd, and that for many Days
 his Body lay unbury'd on the Earth, wanting
 what meaner People enjoy (a Grave) to interr
 the offensive Stench of his noisome Carcase. So
 small a time there was between an *Alexander*
 and Nothing.

Oh the Frailty and Vanity of poor Morrals,
 which are made the Tennis-balls of Fortune! So
 that she will on purpose raise us to the highest
 Felicities, that our Fall may be the greater.
 How should we walk then to shun and avoid
 these Precipices, but wisely to use this World as
 if we did not use it? Like a Traveller going on
 a Pilgrimage to the Famous City of *Jerusalem*,
 by the Way visited many goodly Cities, and
 brave magnificent Buildings, would but behold
 'em and so depart, oftentimes saying these Words,
 This is not *Jerusalem*. So we must do in the
 height of our Felicities, only visit, but not
 continue; live in the World, but not the World
 in us; so enjoying it as of a thing that's lent,
 that must be restored, and taken away at the
 Owner's Pleasure: So that we must often re-
 member this Saying, *All things are subject to*
Vicissitudes

Vicissitudes and Changes : These Pleasures are not permanent.

Madam, (said *Almerin*, proceeding forward in his Discourse, and fixing his Eyes on *Cynthia*), no doubt but you wonder to see me interlace in this my mournful Story so many various Accidents of Chance and Fortune, of the Frailty of Life, and uncertain Certainty of Death; but these are the only Balsams that sweeten my Misfortunes, and the Antidotes that expel the Venom. For thus in comparing Time present, with the time that is past, I find there is nothing done now but hath been done before us: So that it is some Comfort to have so many Illustrious Personages Fellows in our Misfortunes. Like a Man that hath many dangerous Wounds, the greater dissipates the Pain of the lesser, and the Torments of the one makes the Pains of the other become familiar. This, Madam, is my Design, to make you acquainted with Death himself, that the latter part of my Story may seem less horrid unto you, and in some sort to sweeten your Resentments, if you should conceive any to my Disadvantage by the relation of this Story.

But to keep you no longer in suspense I shall proceed. After *Artemesia* was interr'd in her Grave, and the Mourners return'd to their Houses, the Earl of *Palermo*, with his Lady, came home to my Father's House, where they remained, bewailing the Death of their Dear Child, about Three Days time; after that was expir'd they prepared their Journey for their own Home. With a Feigned and Hypocritical Sorrow I offered my Service to wait and attend 'em: But it seems, being unwilling to be oblig'd to one that they did suspect (as afterwards they said) of their Daughter's

ter's Death, with much Thankfulness and Civility dismissed, and bad me Farewel.

Four Days had pass'd since the Burial of *Artemesia*, and Two since the Departure of her Parents, when to pass away the Summer's Evening, and to refresh my Drooping Spirits with the sweet Air, and pleasant Shades, I retir'd my self, only accompany'd with *Fidelio*, into the same Garden, wherein I was first surpriz'd with my Fair *Desdemona*.

Phœbus now hastned to bathe his sweltry Sreeds in the foaming Ocean, and his Sister *Luna* began to appear, so to expel the usurping Shades of Night, when being comforted by the refreshing Sweetness of her cold Influences, so that the Pleasures I then enjoy'd, accompany'd with the *Thoughts* of enjoying *Desdemona*, made the Time seem short in the Contemplation, and the Hours Minutes in the Imagination, so that the unexpected Hour of Ten arriv'd. *Fidelio's* Intreaties, with the lateness of the Evening, could not perswade my Return as yet, my Mind being employed on other Thoughts more agreeable. After the Clock had strook Eleven I intended to leave the Garden; but first resolving to visit the Happy Place where I first rescued my dearest *Desdemona*, it was almost upon the stroke of Twelve e'er I arrived there: The Night continued Fair and Clear, and this was the most private Retiring of any in the Garden; where I was no sooner arriv'd, but, to my Amazement, behold, by the glimmering and feeble Light of the Moon I saw a Beautiful Woman; her Countenance was pale and wan, dropping Pearly Tears from her Fair Eyes, which she wiped off with a Handkerchief. She sat on the Ground, leaning her Pretty Head on her Fair Hand.

Hand. She seemed wholly a Map of Sorrow; and gave Demonstrations, by her suited Actions, that her Gesture could not express the least Torment of her Mind. My Curiosity and Pity persuaded me to leave the Place, to learn the Reason of such uncommon Sorrows. I had no sooner approached before her, being near enough to have spoken unto her, but as one surprized unawares, she hastily takes away her left Hand, that supported her Head; which she had no sooner done, but behold from her Breast issu'd a Crimson Gore. My Amazement was greater, when in her Face I beheld the Visage and Features of *Desdemona*, though overshadowed with a Veil of Sorrow. Her Countenance seemed to contend with Grief and Pity, rather than with Wrath and Anger; with Sorrow, rather than with Rage.

Frightened with the Horreur of this Sight, I stood metamorphos'd, like an Image of Stone, nor being able to go forwards, or retire backwards, when this woful Object came nearer unto me, fixing her Eyes stedfastly on my Face; after a while, raising her Right Hand, laid it on her Wound, which seemed all this while to run in a Purple Flood down her Breast, sprinkling the Grass where she stood with a Scarlet Dye. My Amazement was augmented, when unfixing her Eyes from my Face, she lifted 'em up towards Heaven with so pale and moanful a Posture, as would have produced Pity in the most senseless Breasts. This sudden Surprizal, accompany'd with my Fears, did cowardice all my Spirits, so that I had nor the Confidence nor Courage to open my Mouth to speak to this pitiful Apparition; which once more lifting up her Hand to her Wound, giving me a grievous parting Look, she suddenly
vanish'd

vanish'd out of my Sight. I was in Amaze after its Departure, and jealous whether I should believe my Eyes or no; or whether this was a real Apparition, or a Fiction brought forth by Fancy, and begotten by Imagination, that had left such fresh Impressions in my Soul, and figur'd such dismal Idea's in my Mind. But these Doubts were soon expell'd and banish'd by Reason, and the proceeding Accidents soon confirm'd the Effects to be no Illusions; for before I could recollect and rally together my frightned Spirits, behold from the Thicket hard by me issued dismal Screeches, horrible and fearful Moans, accompany'd with uncommon and confus'd Voices; the Heavens on a sudden cover'd themselves with a Sable Colour, and the Moon had her Face under an Eclipse. The Noises became yet more Loud and Terrible, and the resounding Eccho of the horrid Clamour drew nearer and nearer, and so became more fearful and dreadful. The Horizon was cloath'd with thick dark Clouds, from whence proceeded a stormy Shower of Hail and Rain; the Wind grew Tempestuous and Boisterous, fearful Flashes of Lightning proceeded, as if the Woods had been on Fire, after which follow'd and ensu'd loud and fearful Claps of Thunder. The Storm increas'd, and became more horrible, when from the neighbouring Thicket rush'd out a Woman, who approaching me, I soon knew to be the dead *Artemesia*. I would have fled from her Sight, but I could not fly my Destiny, when coming yet nearer unto me, with a weak, feeble, and loud Voice, she uttered these Words.

Wretched Man! Now the Reward of thy Wickedness draws near, and thy Punishment is at Hand, Heaven is ready to leave thee, and the Earth is prepared

pared to swallow thee. Sentence is pronounced against thee, and Messengers prepared to execute it. My innocent Death will not go unreveng'd, nor your Perjury unpunish'd. Go, miserable and wretched Man! Despair: Think of nothing but Horrors, Shrieks, Pains, Torments, Judgments, and Everlasting Miseries: Let thy Conscience be a perpetual Hell, and let thy Thoughts have no Object but thy Crimes: Let Content and Felicity henceforth become Strangers unto thee, and let thy Misfortune become ever worse and worse: Let thy Sleep be short, and disturbed with fearful Visions and Dreams; that when you awake you may find it a verity. The Remainder of your Life shall be a living Death: You shall seek for Death but you shall not find it; and when you desire to live you shall cruelly be cut off, at a time when you least expect it. This is the Commission I had to unfold to thee from the Higher Powers, which having reveal'd I leave thee to thy Fate.

This said, she vanish'd from my Eyes like Lightning; so soon she disappeared to my Sight, but not to my Thoughts; for the Remembrance was green in my Memory, and the Thoughts so fixed in my Soul, that I think the feign'd Phantasm would hardly yield Precedency to the real. My Eyes were yet firmly bent towards that Part of the Thicket I saw *Artemesia* take, and my Body as unmoveable as my Eyes, when the Storm began to abate. And *Fidelio*, which the time of this Tempest had conceal'd and shelter'd himself in a Thicket near at hand, after his Desires and Intreaties became fruitless, in requesting me to retire with him, when he came unto me, he found me not remov'd from the same Place where he left me. Woodriving at this Change, he took me by the Arm: Sir, (said he,) what occasions these ghastly

Looks,

Looks, and fearful timerous Apprehensions? You seem as if you had met your Sins, or been accosted with your Grandfather's Ghost. What causes you thus to bend your Eyes on Vacancy, and fix your Thoughts on Shadows? Where do you let your Imaginations ramble, your Spirits roam, and your Fancy run at random? Sir, consider where you are, what Time of Night it is: Recollect your self out of these Dumps; and let us repair away from this fatal Place that has brought you this Disturbance.

His earnest Importunities brought me to my self; and seeing him expect a Reply, Yes, Fidelio, (said I,) my Sins have met me full blown, and Ghosts more Terrible and Fearful than my Grandfather's. By Heaven, Fidelio! Shadows haunt me. Saw you not my dearest Desdemona here, and Deceas'd Artemesia, who just now pronounced the Sentence of Honour and Damnation against me? I am impatient of delay, satisfy me with speed, for I consume with Expectation.

Sir, (replied he,) These Chimera's be nothing but the Delusions of a disturbed Brain, proceeding from the strength of Imagination, which forms to itself Wonders which the Spectators cannot behold; such no doubt was yours; for I Protest and Vow to you I heard no Voice, nor did I apprehend any such Similitudes as you now question me about: Artemesia lies quiet in her Grave, and I doubt not but Desdemona is sweetly asleep in her Bed; Rest will soon divert these Illusions, and cure this Disquiet. Come, Sir, let us walk home, the Night grows aged, the late Storm is past, both call on us to be parting, lest we should be prevented by a second Disaster; your Parents expect you, and your Necessity requires you that you change yourself of your wet Cloaths, which your Absence from your own House will not permit you to perform.

His Reasons, follow'd by his Intreaties, made me accord to leave the Garden, and without returning any Answer I straightways accompany'd him. We soon came to my Father's, where they all sat up expecting my Return; but they no sooner beheld me in that Condition and ghastly Distemper, but they stood like People charm'd, with Amazement in their Looks. I spake not to them, but fearfully casting my Eyes on all Objects, piercing every vacant Place with Terror. I was had to my Chamber by *Fidelio*, and some other Servants, where my wet Cloaths were taken off, and I betook my self to my Bed; but Oh the Horrors that accompanied me the latter part of this fearful Night were numberless; if asleep, *Desdemona* presented herself to the Eyes of my Soul; though my bodily Eyes were shut, yet suddenly starting from my Trance, methought I saw that Object really which Fancy formed in my Dreams, so that fearfully calling out to *Fidelio*, which attended me; Oh *Fidelio*! Dost thou not see my dearest *Desdemona*, the Blood streaming from her Fair Breast, now standing by my Bed-side? Behold, now she is going away out of the Door. Oh stay abus'd Innocence! And tell me the Reason thou dost visit me in that dismal Posture! Look *Fidelio*, she is gone, run and call her back again; desire her from me to return: By all the Affection that is between us conjure her not to deny my Request.

Here *Fidelio*, to divert these Thoughts, made me this Discourse. Sir, (said he,) when *Melancholly* reigns predominant over a Man's Spirits, it causes a Disturbance in his Brain, which gives Birth to Thousands of Phantastical and Fearful Apprehensions, formed from what we Fear and Fancy, most ruminates and contemplates most upon, which once conceiv'd, his Reason is so stupify'd, that it cannot pry into

the

the Causes, so that the Cause remaining unremov'd, the Effects continue firm. Many times in such Extreams Men imagine they meet with Ghosts; others, that be Amorous Persons, that they court their Mistresses, enjoy all the delicious Reception they could wish, and the most obliging Discourse, and sweetest Entertainment pass between them, that they hold themselves the only happy Men; yet when they go to embrace the pleasing Apparition, they clasp nothing but the brittle Air; the Spirit is in continual motion, and many times takes a pleasure to deceive the Senses, to play with the Felicity and Hope of Man, either to divert or augment them; as for Example, one imagines his dearest Friend is Dead, that dulls his Happiness; another, that is very poor, dreams he possesses a Mine of Gold, this revives his Spirits; as before, a disconsolate Lover fancies he enjoys the lovely Object of his Desires, this compleats his Felicity; while another that is Rich, thinks he is undone by some Casualty, that makes him Miserable; but as the Mist doth vanish before the Sun in a Summer's Morning; so do these Phantasms when a Man comes to consult with Reason; it rather increases their Misery, and adds their Felicity; the one being a bitter Potion, to make the Happiness taste the sweeter, and the other a deceitful sweet, that makes their Miseries relish more bitter; this, Sir, I hope, in good Time will be Manifested in you, since we that inhabit this Isle, always take such Illusions and Dreams in their Contraries, and apply them accordingly, when a better Consideration takes place; which not to do were absurd, as the Story that is related of a Poor Fisherman of this Island, who drying his Nets on a steep Rock, fell Asleep, and in his Sleep Dreamed he was a King; overjoyed with so great a Felicity, he rises, and in this Extasie of Spirit fell a Dancing; but long he had not Danc'd e'er Fortune so ordain'd

it, coming near the side of the Rock he falls down, and so ends his present Joys and future in a Moment; it is good to take warning by others Harms, and not to let the Suggestion of a feign'd Apparition ruin the Hopes and Expectation of a real; Desdemona remains intirely yours, and you may bind her so for ever, by tying that inviolable Knot of Matrimony which you have already fastned by so many Vows, since Artemesia being Dead there is no Obstruction can hinder you from giving her that Satisfaction, and your self the Content of being wholly hers.

Here Fidelio ended his Discourse, when I straightly embrac'd him in my Arms, saying, Oh my Friend! I am willing to believe whatever thou hast related unto me, could it contain less of Truth; for the only Happiness wretched Men receive is, when pleasantly they deceive themselves with the Expectation of what Ardently they desire; I should wish no greater Happiness were Desdemona still among the Living, nor no greater Felicity were I reconcil'd unto her in the Bands of Wedlock: I would cease to expect and aspire to any greater Hope if I could once more embrace her in my Arms, and repose this weary and disturbed Head in her Bosom; it would prove a Corrosive to the greatest of my Distresses, and a Balsam to my most cruel Torments. To Morrow, my Fidelio, I will put thee to the Trouble once more to deliver me a Letter to Desdemona, in the mean time I will endeavour, together with thee, to take a little Rest.

Night had no sooner fled away at Day's approach, and the Sun had given notice of his rising to adorn the Day, but I left my weary Bed, to consider how to write something wherein I might oblige Desdemona to be less offended with my Infidelity, so that taking Pen, Ink and Paper, I writ to this effect.

Almeria

Almerin to Desdemona.

My Dearest Heart,

TO put thee out of doubt of the Constancy of my Affections, although Necessity compell'd me to an inforc'd Marriage, yet I knew not how to repair the Fault, nor give thee a real Manifestation of my Love, but by destroying the Cause that gave us this Disturbance; know then, my Dear, that to enjoy thy Love, and to give thee an Example of the Integrity of my Heart, I have given my Wife Artemesia a Potion that hath carried her to her long Home; and what rests there now but that I do thee Right and Equity, according to my Vows so often protested unto thee, if you dare permit me to that Priviledge and Felicity, and give new Life to one that daily dies for you. Send my Pardon signed from your Fair Mouth by this Messenger, in the Expectation of which I shall look to remain Miserable or Happy. If you burn this Letter the Thought of any future Danger is past, for I would not commit the Secret of my Life to any one but Desdemona, since it is only she alone that can dispose of

Almerin.

I had no sooner ended my Letter, and fairly seal'd it up, with an Intention to deliver it to *Fidelio*, but I cannot tell what horrid Fate prompt-ed me to the contrary, to go my self in Person, alledging that my Presence would procure more in *Desdemona's* Breast than my Letter could in her Absence; that my Fearfulness of appearing before her would make me seem more Guilty: Many more offer'd themselves to my Thoughts, but we never want for Reasons to perswade what we de-

fire, and are forward to perform. In fine, these Thoughts vanquish'd my former Resolutions. I had scarce ended this Contest in my Spirit, but I heard my Father and Mother coming up to Visit me, and inquire of my Health; they no sooner knock'd at my Chamber Door, but hastily taking up my Letter, I put it up in my Pocket, calling to *Fidelio* to open the Door; which he had no sooner performed, but they gave me the Good-morrow, intimating how much satisfied they were to see me in so different a Temper and Condition from what I was the last Night; they sat down, where we had much Discourse, too long here to relate; amongst the rest they desired to know where I had spent so large a part of the last Night; to all which I had an Answer provided. That Day they dined with me in my Chamber, and after many usual Kindnesses, such as Parents confer on their Dear Children, were bestowed on me, they bid me Farewel, and so left me; they were scarce out of sight but I began to make me ready to visit *Desdemona*. I went away, accompanied with *Fidelio*, towards her Father's House; but we had no sooner, with our hasty Steps, lessen'd the Way and Distance which separated us, but behold I saw a Coffin cover'd with Black, adorn'd with a Garland of dainty Flowers laid on the Top: The Hearse was supported and carried by Four Young Men, and Six Beautiful Maidens accompany'd 'em, each holding a part of the Hearse-cloth, wherein they did imitate and silently speak their willingness to do something obliging, it being the last Service they could perform to the Body of this poor departed Virgin; the Company were all cover'd with a Sable Black, their Pace silent and slow bent towards the Great Temple

ple of the City. This Sight began to freeze and chill my warm Blood; and that which gave Suspicion to my Fears was, because I saw them come out of *Philaster's* House; to confirm me that I was not in an Error, I saw the Corps follow'd by the old Knight and his Lady, who bedewed his Snow-white Beard with Tears, whilst his Lady did water her Aged Cheeks with the same Liquor; both paid the Tribute, exceeding the Custom men usually pay to Nature; their Tears, Countenance and Actions, were suitable, did declare them to be in the Bitterness of Sorrow, and plung'd in the Depth of Woe.

I had accompanied them to the Temple, had not my earnest Desire I had to be resolved of the worst, prompted me to the contrary, and perswaded me to return to the House to be truly satisfy'd of my Fears. We soon came to the Door, and having knocked, were met by a Servant of the House, who did know me since I did first use to frequent the House; and being acquainted with the Respect his Lord and Lady usually paid me when I resorted thither, requested me to come in; where being entered, I ask'd for the Knight and his Lady, not taking notice that I had seen 'em, and also for *Desdemona*; to which he gave me a piteous Look, letting drop from his Eyes many Tears. ' Sir, said he, you come in a Time to see us bury'd in Woe, and to behold us o'ercharged with Sorrow, for about Four Days ago, after my Mistress *Desdemona* had pined her Body with an inward Grief, and given to Sorrow the full Reins and whole Possession of her Breast, she kept the Occasion so secret that her indulgent Parents knew now how to provide her a Remedy, or to apply a Comfort, Sorrow was printed in her Looks in so lovely a Character

' and Grief had so sweet an Impression there, that
 ' it would persuade Sadness in the most Mirthful
 ' and Jocond Beholder. She would tell so many
 ' pretty Stories of Love, and of the Unconstancy
 ' of Men, and pronounce them with so Sweet, yet
 ' so Mouraful, an Adion and Accent of Voice and
 ' Gesture, that she never ended but she left her
 ' Auditors with Tears in their Eyes.

' This Day is Five Days since, when her Spirits
 ' being o'ercome with Grief, and her Sences o'er-
 ' charged with Melancholy, she fell into Despair,
 ' and walking out as if she would recreate her-
 ' self in the Garden, she retires herself into a
 ' House of Pleasure, there privately situated,
 ' where imitating that Roman Dame *Lucretia*,
 ' with a Fatal Dagger she wounds herself to the
 ' Heart.

' She was soon mist by her Parents, but being
 ' seen by the Servants to walk into the Garden,
 ' she was as soon followed; but after they had
 ' searched every private Walk and Alley in the
 ' Garden, and sought for her in every Thicket
 ' and shady Grove, and we could receive no Ti-
 ' dings, one of the Servants bethinks himself and
 ' runs hastily up to this House, where the first
 ' Object he cast his Eyes on was this Spectacle
 ' of Pity; he runs down again amazed, making
 ' a lamentable Cry, (saying,) *Oh Sirs! Desdemona*
 ' *hath slain herself in the Garden-House, and yet*
 ' *retains the bloody Weapon in her Hand*; which
 ' was no sooner heard, but they all began to be-
 ' moan her with a loud and grievous Noise, which
 ' was soon o'erheard by *Philaster* and his Lady,
 ' who wondering what might occasion such unusual
 ' and strange Outcries, came into the Garden,
 ' and understanding by the Accent of their Voices
 ' that the Cause of their Clamours was in that part
 ' of

' of the Garden were the House of Pleasure wa^b
 ' situated, left off his grave and sober Pace, and
 ' with swifter Steps and Speed than his Age would
 ' permit, ran to the House, being followed as
 ' fast by his Lady; but alas they made so much
 ' haste they came too soon to know that they had
 ' better never known, than ever seen that dismal
 ' Sight.

' We are like some ignorant Souls, which needs
 ' will have their future Fortune related and made
 ' plain to them; they are most eager, and ardent-
 ' ly desire to know the worst that may befall them,
 ' when no Perswasions will edifie them, nor Rea-
 ' sons divert them from their Folly, and their Im-
 ' patience and Importunity hath gotten their Re-
 ' quest granted, they soon begin to repine at what
 ' they know, and fearfully apprehend that Danger
 ' present that perhaps may never befall them;
 ' they repent they were so careful to understand
 ' that which known begets nothing but Discon-
 ' tent; so that only in Expectation of the Mife-
 ' ries that may happen unto them, they daily seem
 ' to Die alive, so that every Hour begets a new
 ' Death.

' Such was their unfortunate Speed, that came
 ' too late to behold the Object of their Miseries
 ' too soon; for in a few Moments they both came
 ' into the Room, where we all stood surrounding
 ' the Body of their unfortunate Daughter; they
 ' soon saw the Cause of our Moans, and therefore
 ' had no occasion to inquire; and knew it to be
 ' what indeed it was. Although Death had drest
 ' her in his pale Robes, yet could he alter nothing
 ' in the sweet and lovely Charms of her Visage,
 ' so that she seemed to smile in Death, as having
 ' purchased that Rest with him she could never
 ' attain to here. Oh the Shrieks, the Moans,
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the Lamentations, the Sighs, the Sobs, the Tears, the Exclamations, the Griefs, the Sorrows, the Kisses, the Caresses, and the Embraces this Aged Couple bestowed on the Breathless Body of this their only Child, were numberless, and pitiful to behold! They were, Sir, such, and so many, so bitter and woful, that I want Words wherein I might express my self, should I go about to relate them, so that I leave it wholly to your Imagination to conceive what is above my Capacity to describe unto you.

Here, to give the more Life unto his Discourse, he let fall a shower of Briny Tears, which were no sooner cleared away, but with a Sorrow suitable to his Subject, he proceeded in this manner.

Sir, after they had bathed this breathless Body with a Sea of Tears, and seemed to grieve that the Conduits of their Eyes were dried up, that they could bestow no more, willing to accompany her in Death, whom they lov'd so in Life, suddenly the Old Lady giving a grievous Shriek, she swoounded away, clasping the lifeless Corps in her Arms; she seem'd as far from Life as the Body she embrac'd; our Master himself stood like one Transform'd, and made up of Sorrow, the Tears hanging on his Aged Face and Beard like frozen Icicles, that in a Winter's Day on the disrob'd Trees take their Habitations. In the meantime the Servants had hastned for some Sovereign Remedies, wherewithal to recover their poor departed Mistress, which chasing her Temples, and infusing some precious Spirits down her Throat, they with much difficulty at last obtained what they desir'd, her return to Life; yet so amaz'd, and so ghastly, wanting as yet her

' her Sences, that it was a woful Sight to behold
 ' her. *Philaster* commanded us to bear her in
 ' from the Sight of the Body, whilst she continu'd
 ' ignorant of what they did, giving Order to o-
 ' thers to remove] *Desdemona* from that Fatal
 ' Place in to the House; but as they began to
 ' take the Body, *Philaster* espy'd in her left Hand
 ' a Paper, which she had fixed there so fast, as it
 ' seemed a Difficulty for the Servants to take it
 ' away, which *Philaster* seeing, went himself, and
 ' had no sooner touch'd her Hand, but it opened of
 ' its own accord, as being unwilling any should
 ' take from her in Death what in Life she had
 ' appointed and reserved for him; he had no
 ' sooner open'd the Paper but he found these Lines
 ' following, written in *Desdemona's* own Character.

*Death cruel seems to timerous Men that Fear,
 To such as in this World lay up their Rest,
 But sweet to wretched Souls that do Despair,
 To such as are with great Misfortunes prest.*

*Death takes us hence, and so expels our Pain,
 Our Miseries and Woes we see no more;
 By Death we nothing Lose, he is our Gain;
 For Dying makes us Happier than before.*

*Mourn not my Friends for my untimely Death;
 Because in blooming Years I die so Young;
 The Loss is small I lose in losing Breath;
 I fall asleep too soon, and lye too long.*

*Death is the Balsam to afflicted Minds,
 From Falshood and Deceit is sets us free;
 Only within the Grave the Poor Man finds
 A Harbour from the Rich Man's Tyranny.*

No where but here a Remedy we have ;
 When Woe and Sorrow grow unto Excess,
 Then we do covet Death, and court the Grave,
 Since Misery only there can find Redress.

I fear not Death, I only fear your Fears,
 Lest when you see me gone you should Lament ;
 Let Reason court you to restrain your Tears,
 'Tis bootless to spend Tears when Life is spens.

To the Elysian Shade, I go before,
 And in the Walks expect you till you come ;
 Few Days will pass and you will be no more,
 And the same Way I go you then will run.

Farewel my Father, I have found so kind,
 Farewel my Mother, I do prize so dear ;
 Farewel my wretched Life, wherein I find
 Nothing of value that will crave a Tear.

Farewel the Author of my cruel Woes,
 Who in my Hour of Death I do forgive
 Thy greatest Crimes ; but Heaven only knows
 It would go hard to do it were I to live.

And welcome Death, that com'st to cure my Smart,
 No Medicine now can Cure me but thy Dart ;
 Then Death I'll court, 'tis he must bring me where
 I shall be free from Sorrow, Grief and Care ;
 Come long'd-for Death, I will not be deny'd,
 More welcome then Bridegroom makes his Bride.
 Hark how I'll Bribe you ; prethee Death make haste,
 More welcome than the Spring when Winter's past ;
 Fresher than Air, sweeter than pearly Dew,
 Which swells the early Rose, and makes it blow ;
 Welcome as Joy because you bring me Bliss,
 For in the Grave of Rest I cannot miss.

Farewel

*Farewel deceitful World, and weary Breath;
Adieu all earthly Joys, and welcome Death.*

‘ With this mournful Song, like the Swan, she
‘ seem’d to chant it, though were at Hand, and
‘ like the Lion, seem’d most Confident when she
‘ was nearest Danger. These Lines might have
‘ augmented their Sorrows, if their Grievs would
‘ have admitted of an Addition, but their Woes
‘ being at full, could receive no more. *Desdemo-*
‘ *na* was convey’d in, and Surgeons sent for to
‘ Embalm her Body, whilst her Parents went anew
‘ to lament, and afresh began to renew their
‘ Tears, uttering grievous Exclamations against
‘ the Person, which, as they understood by *Desde-*
‘ *mona*, had been the Original Cause of their Sor-
‘ rows, by being the Author and Occasion of the
‘ Death of their Child, vowing a severe Revenge
‘ if ever they came to the knowledge of the Au-
‘ thor; thus they have spent the Day and Night
‘ in Sorrow, not admitting one Minute’s Rest in
‘ permitting the least Cessation to their Grievs,
‘ till this Day, accompanied with all their Friends,
‘ in a solemn Manner they perform her Obse-
‘ quies, and convey her Body to the Temple, to
‘ set in the Vault of her Ancestors. This, Sir, is the
‘ reason they are now from Home, and not here,
‘ to give you such Entertainment as befits and is
‘ due to your Worthiness.

Having ended his Discourse to my Amazement
and Grief, I desir’d he would conduct me into
the Garden, to the Place where *Desdemona* acted this
last Tragick Scene and Catastrophe of her Life;
he returned me no Answer, but leading the Way,
we follow’d him, till he brought us to the Place
where so unfortunately she yielded up her last
Breath, here my Amazement was above what I
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can express, when I saw this was the same House, and very Place, where so falsely I first deceiv'd and robb'd *Desdemona* of that Jewel which had prov'd the Main and Original Cause of her Death; now the Apparition I saw the last Night came bleeding fresh in Memory, all my Crimes presented themselves in their own Colours; for which my Conscience bid me expect no other but a fulfilling of Murther'd *Artemesia's* Sentence; here my Grievs were doubled in the Death of her I priz'd above my Life. I could not refrain from letting fall a Flood of Tears to the remembrance of one I lov'd so Dear; when we left the Room, and began to take a Turn or Two in the Alleys, where the Memory of *Desdemona* begat new Grievs in my Soul, and fresh Sluices from my Eyes; and fearing the Servant might gather some Suspicion from my too deep Concernments, I privately drew out my Handkerchief to wipe away those rebellious Tears I could not restrain; and not being willing any longer to remain in so doleful a Place, I took my Farewel of the Servant, desiring him to tell his Master I would wait on him some other time, when his Sorrows would better admit of a Visit; so I left the House in such an ill Composure of Body, and Disturbance of Spirit, as ever tormented a poor Afflicted Soul! At this time I had given a Period to my Life, had I not been restrain'd by *Fidelio*, who by Intreaties desired me to preserve my Life, yet could give me no Comforts or Reasons why I should prolong it, unless it were to add to my Miseries.

When we were arriv'd Home I betook me to my Chamber, casting my self on the Bed:
 ' And to what End, *Fidelio*, (*said I*,) should I secure this miserable Part of Life that remains?
' *Desdemona*

' *Desdemona* is Dead, and who would woo Death,
 ' that see her so much commend and approve of
 ' it? Why shall I stay behind, *Fidelio*? Let me go
 ' and ask her Pardon, and seek her in the Blessed
 ' Shades: Now *Fidelio*, what thinkest thou? Were
 ' the Apparitions Real or Feign'd I did behold, or
 ' Illusions or Fancies, as thou wouldst make me
 ' believe? Now Experience and Reason tells me it
 ' was the lovely Ghost of my Dearest *Desdemona*,
 ' which came to accuse me of Disloyalty and Per-
 ' jury? Oh miserable Man! Wretched Life! When
 ' wilt thou have an end?

Now I began to grow an Object of Heaven's
 Justice and Punishment; I was defil'd with Mur-
 der and Perjury; the first called for a speedy Re-
 venge; for other Sins only speak, Murder shrieks
 out; the Element of Water moistens the Earth,
 but Blood flies upwards and bedews the Heavens,
 which soon hears, and makes strict enquiry, and se-
 vere inquisition for Blood, and Triumph in their
 Revenges; their Curious Search soon found me
 out to make me an Example of their Vengeance;
 there is nothing that is done ne'er so privately
 that can be hid from their Sight; the darkest
 Night cannot blind them, nor the craftiest Mor-
 tals deceive them; were Sin committed in the
 dark Caverns of the Earth, there they would
 plainly see them; or in the bottom of the Ocean,
 there they would behold them; whither then can
 a poor Sinner fly to avoid their Justice? If they
 should fly to Heaven they are there; if to unfre-
 quented Desarts they are there; if to the
 Vaults below there they will likewise find 'em
 out.

For as I was reposing my self on my Bed, sud-
 denly and unexpectedly our House was surround-
 ed with Armed Men, my Chambers Doors broke
 open,

open, my Body seiz'd on, and taken Prisoner; being thus surpriz'd I demanded the Cause, and by what Authority they did it; to which one return'd me this sharp Answer, their Authority they had from the King, which I must obey, and the Occasion the Death of your late Married Wife of *Artemesia*, Daughter to the Earl of *Palermo*, supposed to be poisoned by you; with a strong Suspicion which is conceiv'd of you that you are the chief Author and Cause of the Death of *Desdemona*, Daughter and only Child to an Aged Knight of this City, called *Philaster*; these are the Crimes objected against you, to which you must answer; in the mean time, without Resistance, you must yield Obedience to our Power, and immediately go along with us. This said, they laid Hands on me, and speedily hurried me out of my Chamber, to convoy me to Prison; but we had not shortned half the Way between my Father's House and the City Goal, but by the Shine of the Moon, which as then gave but a dim and glimmering Light, we might discern a Troop of Horse, and perceive a small Company of Foot, which in a void place of the City began to compass us about, which my Guard no sooner descried, but they began to cry out, A Rescue, A Rescue, but their Voices were soon stopp'd by the Horsemen which over-ran them, and the Foot-men that bravely assaulted them; so that in a Moment I saw my Guard dispers'd and dispatch'd, my self free, and no Prisoner, and bravely mounted on a fresh Horse; whilst I was wondring and musing at the strangeness of this Rescue, I saw one make towards me, which I presently knew to be *Fidelio*: Sir, said he to me, cease your Amazement, and follow this Guard with speed, for every Moment you stay here will be dangerous, and they will safely convey

vey you to the Water-side, where a Vessel attends you, provided by your Father, from whom, by my timely Notice, came also this Guard, for he now repents him of his Obstinacy, which occasion'd these Evils, for which you were accused, fearing you are too much guilty to stand in justification of yourself and your Crimes, too notorious to abide a Trial; and therefore being unwilling to leave you to the Mercies and Severities of the Law, that himself just brought into danger, waits for you now at the Water-side.

This said, giving him many Thanks for his Fidelity, I follow'd the Guard, and soon came to the Water-side, or Haven, where my Father and Mother were standing, expecting my coming; I no sooner saw them but I alighted, and having done my Duty, my Mother cast her Arms about my Neck, bathing my Cheeks with Tears, lamenting this so sudden and unexpected Departure; the Thoughts of my Absence produc'd the same Effects in my Father's Breast, for his Countenance was o'ercast with a Mortal Sadness.

But our Gratulations and Farewells were soon broken off by an unlook'd-for Noise; for casting our Eyes about we espied a Party of Men make towards us with much Facility and Speed; this Sight caused me hasten my Departure, so that I parted from them abruptly, hurrying my self, with the Money and Jewels they had brought me, aboard the Vessel, and so speedily put off from Shore; mean while my Father with *Fidelio* rallied up their Men for Defence; this Sight more griev'd me than any former Misfortune, to see my Father and Mother, only for my Safety, expose themselves to such certain Perils and Dangers; and to secure my Life, so carelessly to venture their own. Nature would not admit I should leave them

them so, and my Duty prompted me to their Assistance, so that commanding the Shipmen to put ashore, they would not obey me, telling me, *They might so endanger my Life, and all their own; and that it was contrary to the Orders my Father had given them to return back again; that no doubt my Father would well defend himself against a greater Force than those he had to cope withal, if he could any ways give notice to the Garrison belonging to the City, which were all at his Devotion.*

Their Discourse did savour of Truth and Likelihood, and therefore made me more apt to believe it; so that yielding to their Intreaties and Perswasions, agreeing, when Necessity inforc'd me to submit, according with that I could not remedy, and hoping the best, I patiently expected the Issue.

The Wind blew fair, so that we left *Syracuse* far astern, and a few Hours after we wholly lost the sight of the Island of *Sicilia*; the Gale continuing still fair, we gain'd a Ken of the Isle of *Malta*, where we did not land, but continuing our Course almost Three Days, we gained a View of the main Continent of *Africa*; and about the Evening of the Third Day we anchor'd before the Mighty City of *Carthage*, the Rival of the Roman Empire, between whom as yet Fortune had left it uncertain and doubtful which should gain Precedency, and continue Masters of all the then known World, since their Forces were equal, and their Valour not much different, so that Fate had left it to be decided by the various Chance of War.

Here we landed, and provided our selves of all Necessaries, as well Offensive as Defensive, and all other things needful, which our so hasty parting from *Syracuse* would not permit us to provide
and

and furnish our selves withal; we lay there one whole Day, and then going abroad we weigh'd Anchor, and hoised Sail, and so made off to Sea; were our Intentions were to Cruise about, in expectation to meet with some Vessel that came lately from *Syracuse*, of whom we might inquire Tidings of what we all did so passionately desire to know.

It was now Seven Days since we parted from *Sicilia*, and Two since we left the Coast of *Africa*, about the time of the Day when the Sun begins to decline towards the West, when a Boy that stood Sentinel on the Top-mast Head suddenly cried out, *A Sail, A Sail*; being demanded from whence she steer'd her Course? He return'd answer, *From Sicilia*. This began to augment my ardent desire I had to receive News from *Syracuse* so that I gave Commands to the Pilot to steer his Course towards her, which he had no sooner perform'd, but the Boy called out again, saying, *Sirs, prepare for your Defence, for this Vessel bears towards us with full speed; all things being put in a readiness for a present Assault*. He had scarce ended these Words, but our Eyes did give us Proof they were a Verity, for we discern'd it drawing nearer unto us, in all appearance fitted for a present Fight.

This Sight caused them to forget the Concernments of others, and to think on nothing so much as to provide for their own Safety; yet they agreed with one accord cheerfully to make good their Defence, and manfully to guard themselves; we had hardly made our Preparation for a Resistance, but we saw this Vessel with great Dexterity and Agility ready to Board us on the Weather-side; their Ravelins in a Moment were ready to grapple with our Vessel; in the performance of which

which we received a Brave Assault, and they as Gallant a Repulse; our Archers scarce spent an Arrow in vain, neither did theirs slack their Duty; the Fight continued sharp while we lay off the one from the other; but when, in spight of our best Endeavours, they grappled our Vessels together, and that we came to Handy-blows, the Fight became dreadful and bloody on both sides; we were hardly fastned the one to the other but I heard him that seemed to be Captain of the Vessel utter these Words to his Soldiers. *Arm yourselves with Courage, Noble Hearts, and let the King of Sicilia know you are Valiant; we are not mistaken; see Fortune hath presented the Murtherous Villain an Object to our Eyes, and brought him a Sacrifice to our just Resentments; now let the Innocent Deaths of Artemesia and Desdemona sharpen your Swords for a just Revenge, and let their sorrowful Parents see your Fidelity and Interest you take in their Wrongs, when you present them with the Head of their Mortal Enemy.*

When I did hear *Artemesia* once nam'd I did guess of their Business; but I think the Nature of all Men is such, that if they be wicked yet they cannot brook to be exclaimed against; and though I was guilty of all that was bad, yet I could not with patience receive the Nicknames of Villain and Murtherer; my Life was a Thing so wretched, and by me so little esteem'd, that I should not have given one Sigh for the loss of that I did not desire to preserve; yet the great Promise this Fellow made of my Head made me resolve not to part from it so tamely to my Enemies, at such a time when I was in a good Capacity to defend it; this rais'd my Anger to make a stout Resistance, and his Oration caus'd his Soldiers to assail us with greater

greater Courage; now the Fight began to be at highest, and numbers of Men lay Dead on the Deck, the Living always supplying their places, till our Vessels were covered with the Blood and Carcasses of slain Men; it was fought obstinately on both sides, till the Sun began to bid a Good-night to our Horizon, leaving this upper World in Darknes; yet Fortune had left it doubtful to which side she would incline; when we were prest by our Enemies, with so much Force and Vigour that my Men were forc'd to retire, whilst they furiously mounted our Vessel; here I expos'd my self to certain Dangers, very willing to part with Life so I could have lost it nobly, in resisting my Enemies; but Death flies them that seek him, and intrudes on such as desire his Absence; as I was desperately braving the utmost Dangers, fronting the main Body of my Enemies, I met and engaged with their Commander, so greedily we combated one with another, and with so much desire endeavour'd the Ruin of each other, that it was no wonder Fortune made haste to determine of the End; many cruel Blows we exchanged, and many Wounds we received, till at last I pursu'd my Enemy so closely, and redoubled my Blows with so much violence, that directing a Blow which fell on his Head with my greatest force, it parted it in Two, so that he fell down sprawling on the Deck; thus he which had so confidently disposed of my Head, could not secure his own from my Sword.

This Sight began to abate the Courage of our Enemies, and to revive the Spirits of my almost vanquish'd Men; for returning upon our despairing Enemies with a greater Force than at first,

first, they made a mighty Slaughter; and having dispatch'd all those in our own Vessel, with great speed we boarded our Enemies, so that the Offensive were now become the Defensive, and performed their Parts so ill in maintaining it, that we soon became Conquerors of the other Ship, committing all the Souls to the Places appointed for their Deserts, where the Spirits of all Men are rewarded according to their Merits; the dead Bodies of our Men, and also of our Enemies, we cast over-board into the Sea.

The Night became extream dark, not one Star appeared in the Firmament, as if they had disdain'd to behold so Bloody a Tragedy, so that we were forced to strike up Lights, the better to see to clear our Vessel of the Dead Carcases; my self with a Torch in my Hand went to behold the Slain in the Enemies Vessel, where the Soldiers, the Tempest of their Revenge being not yet still'd, without Pity cast as well the Wounded as the Dead out of the Vessel, when their Wounds, Miseries, Intreaties, Prayers, nor dismal Moans, could perswade them to Mercy.

Among many that were thus used, one of them whom my Men had taken up into their Arms, ready to cast him away into the Billows of the raging Ocean, cried out, *Oh, Sirs! Spare me one Moment, and bring me to your Commander, to whom I shall relate such Secrets as he is as yet ignorant of;* this had not preserved his Life if I had not given a speedy Command to the Soldiers to hold their Hands, and running with their Lights, I came also with mine, to see if I knew him, but his Blood had so disfigur'd him as I could gather no certain knowledge

knowledge that I had ever seen him before; which the wounded Man seeing, with a mournful and low Voice, growing faint through loss of Blood, he utter'd these Words, Sir, said he, *you knew me better about Eight Days since, when you came to visit my Master Philaster, when you seem'd so much concern'd in the Relation I made you of the woful Death of my Mistress Desdemona;* he had scarce ended these Words, but through weakness he sunk down in the Arms of the Men that supported him. I commanded he should be convey'd away to a Cabbin with speed, and that my own Surgeon should carefully dress his Wounds; all which was as soon performed as commanded; my Gratitude to the Poor Man required thus much. But I had other sound Reasons induc'd me to preserve his Life, if possible, since it was only from him, now all his Companions were Dead, I did look for a true Relation and Intelligence how my Affairs stood affected in *Syracuse*. As my own Interest requir'd his Safety, yet for *Desdemona's* Sake, whose Remembrance I did prefer above my Life, considering he was once hers, I could do no other but esteem of him highly, and thank Fortune, who had offer'd me this Opportunity that I might in some Measure express the Kindness I did yet retain for his Mistress, and my Dear *Desdemona*.

After we had cleansed our Enemies Vessel, we removed all Things that were of Value out of our own Ship into theirs, it being the strongest and statelyest Built, and Boring Holes in the Bottom of the forsaken Vessel, we sunk it in the Sea, which being perform'd we hoisted Sails, directing our Course towards the City of *Algiers*, in *Barbary*, so*that it was about
the

the Hour of Two in the Morning when I betook my self to my Cabbin to have my Wounds dressed I had receiv'd in the last Fight; when the Surgeon had search'd them, he found them all slight; and although I had many, he assur'd me none of them were Morral.

Thus such as desperately seem regardless of their Lives, by a slight of Fortune preserve them; what should occasion it I cannot tell; if it be not that reasonable Men fly such as imprudently and lavishly cast away their Lives, esteeming them mad or frantick that so inconsiderately endanger themselves; or else Fortune and Victory, which be always Friends to Bold and Resolute Men, and assist resolute Spirits in their confident Enterprizes, have agreed with Nature, who has planted a timorous Fear in the Heart of Man when he is assauled above his Expectations, and sees Wonders acted beyond his Capacity or Thoughts is daunted, being so suddenly surpriz'd, their Bold Assailer gives them not time to recollect their Thoughts, but presses more fierce and desperately on them, that they stand gazing like Men Metamorphos'd, not having the Courage to defend themselves, nor scarce to run away to preserve their Lives; such Advantage seems to wait on Resolute Spirits, that their Enemies are charm'd, and when they meet a Spirit above their own, like all Men, they yield Precedency, and obey the greater, yielding Obedience to them as to their Superiors; Victory, as it were, hovering her Wings over their Heads, to fright their Enemies, and to preserve them safe.

But

But I dare not ascribe my Fortune to such a Cause, I fear just Heavens have preserv'd me from such small Dangers for my greater Misfortunes, to make me a more ample Example of their Justice; for methinks Sleeping or Waking I hear poor *Artemesia* sounding that dreadful Sentence in my Ears, (That when I seek Death, it should fly me, and when I should desire to keep it, I should suddenly be cut off;) and I greatly fear the Issue, since that after *Artemesia's* Death, and lastly, of my dearest *Desdemona*, I did always esteem my Life as of a Thing not worth preserving, being a Commodity I was always willing to part with, since my Heart told me I could expect no Comfort now all my Felicity was vanish'd away in the Original Cause, from whence it first received its Birth, and afterwards the Fewel that did preserve it.

But now, Madam, (said he,) turning his Face towards *Cynthia*, I begin to find contrary Effects working in my Spirit since I have been so fortunate to have you in my Custody, so that I begin now to prize my Life at its true Value and Worth, -and did never truly desire to live again until this Moment; I pray Heaven my Prophetick Fears be not Presages and Fore-runners of the Dangers which are related shall happen unto me.

Here *Almerin* proceeded forwards in relating the Misfortunes of his Life, whilst Fair *Cynthia* could not refrain from spending some Tears out of the Treasury of her own Misfortunes in Pity to the unfortunate Loss of *Lovely*, yet Miserable, *Desdemona*. Madam, (said he,) after my Wounds were dressed I betook my self to my Bed, but not before I had inquired of the Health

and Condition the Prisoner was in; the Surgeon having assur'd me of his Life, I did endeavour my self to take a little Rest, after so much Pain and Toil.

Long wish'd-for Day at last appeared, and *Phœbus* with his Glorious Rays cast a resplendent Lustre on the Face of the Waters, whilst *Zephyrus* with his sweet and pleasant Gales courted our Sails, making our Vessel to trip it sweetly away over the Ocean, thereby easing *Nuptune* of his Burthen, that he might dally with his Belov'd *Thetis*; when I arose from my weary Bed, my Wounds permitting me, and my Desires perswading and calling on me, to the Chamber of the wounded Man, from whose Mouth I did now expect to hear the Sentence and Period of my Miseries, or to receive some little Comfort to sweeten my Calamities; after I had been assur'd by my Surgeon that he was in a Capacity to be visited, I cannot say whether my Resolutions, or the Performance, were soonest put in Action, since hardly was the one conceiv'd, but the other receiv'd birth, such speedy Execution always attends on Things of this Nature, that nothing can without repugnance make a demur to defer it; I went, but indeed accompanied with such Fears as forbidden Lovers are possessed with when they go to pay their unwelcome Oblations to the Goddess they adore, who fear to ask, fearing to be refused; being come to his Cabbin, and inquiring of his Health, such Gratulations having pass'd between us as are common and familiar to be used to one in such Extremity, I bespake him in this manner: *My Friend, you may guess it is something extraordinary, that would not admit of delay, which hath made me so soon venture forth to*

give

give you this untimely Visit, which is dangerous to my self, and troublesome to you; Fortune has oblig'd me, in the midst of all my Miseries, in making me the Preserver of one which sometime was Deidemonas. Love to her perswaded me to be thus tender of your Welfare; but I have other Business of Consequence which drew me hither, and would ill agree to be deferr'd to a longer time; it is the Welfare of my Father and Mother, by whose Intreaty I left Syracuse, leaving them engag'd at the Moment of my Departure in a Fatal Skirmish with an unknown Party of Men, that I would hear Tidings of; Nature perswades, and my Fears thrust me forwards, to receive some Satisfaction from your Intelligence, which I desire you would discharge your self of, so to disperse these Doubts, and procure my Repose.

The wounded Man raising himself up in his Bed, casting his Eyes on me with a downcast and mournful Look, with a weak Voice, he utter'd these Words. Sir, I should ill requite you for the gratuity of my Life to give you a Relation that will add to your Torments; and it had been far better your Soldiers had cast me into the Sea, than that the Remainders of this woful Life being preserved, should endeavour to put a Period to yours; leave this Fatal News to be discover'd by time, and let not your Curiosity undo you; I feel my Life growing towards an End, and all that is Man about me begins to decay, let not the last Fragments of my Life be a Medicine to procure your Disquiet, rather than the Repose you expect. Here he continued silent, expecting my Reply, so that I return'd him this Answer. Let not any Concernments of mine defer your Relation, for Dangers and Misfortunes are become so familiar unto me, that the strangeness is no Novelty, nor the

Bug-bears are not horrid enough to frighten me; I am arm'd against the worst Effects of Fortune that you can relate has befallen me; there is nothing now can make me more Miserable than I am already, by thy last Discourse of the lamentable Loss of my dearest Desdemona.

Sir, (replied he,) these be the Effects and Symptoms of a Noble Mind, to bear with Adversity as well as Prosperity; that can welcome Misfortunes as well as Felicities; that is not Ambitious in his Happiness, nor Despairing in his Miseries, but wisely yields to what he cannot shun; seeing I have found you in this Temper I shall make no farther scruple to satisfy your Request; and least my Weakness should be a hindrance to my Discourse, I will endeavour to contract all my Relation into a pithy Abstract of the whole, yet not leaving any thing forgotten or omitted wherein your Interest is concerned; and to delay you no longer, Sir, you may understand, that you had scarcely passed the Threshold of my Master's Door but he and his Lady came Home, accompany'd only with some few of their Friends, the rest having parted from them at the Grave; and these stay'd not long, but comforting them in the best Wise they might, urging Patience as the best Remedy to cure their Miseries, they soon left them to return to their several Places of Abode. Now being destitute of all that could disturb them, they became their own Disturbers, and being alone, they had a more ample Opportunity, and clearer and deeper Insight, to discern and make an Inspection into their Miseries, so to discover the true Value of what they had lost; they began now to consider they had lost, lost the Light of their Eyes, the Staff of their Age, and the Glory of their House, in a Moment when they did least expect it; and that she did not die by Age, or Sickness, or any Disease incident to

Man-kind

Mankind, but that she was torn away out of their Arms in the Flower of her Youth and Beauty, when she promised most Felicity and Comfort to their Age.

Here they let fall a shower of briney Tears, bedewing the Place where they sate, and filling the Room with the Echo of their Complaints, and Aggravations of their Loss. When that Storm of Grief was something allay'd, they went Hand in Hand into the Garden, and from thence into the House of Pleasure there situated, and the same where Desdemona perform'd the last Violence on her Self; their Intension, as far as I could guess, being to spend the remainders of those Tears they had yet left in the same Place where their dearest Daughter had expired her latest Breath; they had newly seated themselves, and began with a greater freedom to vent their Sorrows, which sate so heavy on their Hearts, out of the Flood-gates of their Eyes; the Place well suiting to accompany them in their Woes, as they continu'd in this grievous Excess of Misery, bitterly inveighing against him that had occasion'd it, a little Spaniel Dog, which always us'd to follow him, and in whom, before he was taken up with Sorrow, he us'd to take great Delight, had been searching and hunting up and down the Walks, and young Springs, and Thickets in the Garden, and at last came up into the House, and after he had before them wantonly play'd with a Paper, which he had brought in his Mouth, as his usual Customs were to carry all things he found to his Master, at last he brought this, where he stood frisking his Tail, as willing his Master to receive it, and make much of him for what he had brought him; but because it was common with him daily to do as much, they neglected him, as a Thing of no Concernment; when the Dog saw he had not that Welcome he us'd to receive,

he leaps up with his Paws on his Master, making a kind of a howling Noise, and holding up the Paper towards him in his Mouth; this Action made my Master something more Attentive; and as he would have thrust him from him, looking something nearer on the Paper that the Dog still held in his Mouth, he discover'd it to be a Letter fairly folded and sealed up, which he no sooner did perceive, but he took it out of his Mouth, and the Dog as willingly parted from it, going his way to his old Trade of busking to and fro in the Garden. After he had looked on the Letter, and saw the Directions to Desdemona, he shewed it to his Lady, and both of them deferring their Sorrows for a small time, in expectation of what the Contents might contain, they open'd the Letter, wherein they found not only Likelihood and Suspicion, but certain Assurance, that you had been the only Cause, and none else beside, of all their Misfortunes; that you had Poisoned your Married Wife Artemesia; and although not actually, yet your self was the Chief in the Tragedy of Desdemona; I need not tell you what it contain'd, since it was written by your self, and sign'd with your own Hand, being seal'd with your Signet at Arms.

At the Period of this, (said Almerin to Cynthia, who gave earnest Attention to his Discourse,) the wounded Man growing Faint deferr'd his Relation for a small time, whilst I continu'd bury'd in Astonishment at what he had related. Now to my Cost I began to see how Heaven glories in divulging the Faults and Crimes of Offenders; and lest we should ascribe and refer the revealing of them to common Causes, see they make a poor Spaniel Dog the Instrument of my Discovery; thus the most neglected and forgotten Things they many times

times make Executors of their Will, lest Men should say such Things came by Fortune, and such by Chance; but in this Example we may behold the immediate Hand of Heaven made manifest to our Capacity; as for my Letter, since the time my Resolutions were alter'd concerning the sending of it, as I have formerly related unto you, my Father and Mother coming in accidentally to visit me the Morning of the same Day that I saw *Desdemona* afterwards convey'd to the Temple, fearing then they might have surprized me, in what I did endeavour to make a Secret to them, I put it hastily into my Pocket to conceal it, not once minding or thinking on the securing of that which did so much concern the Safety of my Life. Afterwards when I came to *Desdemona's* Father's House, where this Man gave me the whole Particulars of her Death; which when I had heard, leaving *Fidelio* and him together, I went into one of the most secret Alleys in the Garden, that I might give my Griefs unseen the greater Current; where I drew out my Handkerchief to wipe off the wandring Tears that Issued from my Eyes, and at that Fatal Moment, as far as I can conceive by Conjectures, with that I drew out the Letter, so that my Repentance and Sorrow both turn'd to my greater Rebuke and Punishment.

The Man proceeded forwards again in his Relation, (saying,) *After that they both understood by your Letter that you were the only Author of all the Calamities that had befallen them, they left off to grieve, and began now only to think of Revenge, thinking your guilty Blood would be more acceptable to the injur'd Spirit of Desdemona than their fruitless Tears; I cannot describe the bitter*

Complaints they made against you for your Ingratitude, in abusing their Love and Kindnesses with so shameless a Requital. Now Revenge had only Precedency, - and reign'd Supream in their Thoughts; my Master, as if his Youth had been renew'd at the Sight of your Letter, leaving his Lady at Home, ran nimbly to the Judges of Criminal Causes, then residing in the City, where producing the Letter, they with all Diligence let him have Power and Authority to apprehend you, and secure, and bring you to your Answer; to this End and Purpose the Corrigedor was strongly Assisted with many of my Master's Friends, where they Seiz'd you in your Father's House, and by your Father's Order and Authority you were again rescued out of their Hands, and conveyed to the Water-side, where you escaped away; your Escape being made good by your Father, a strong Party of Men assaulted him, which were Friends to my Master, and he making good his Defence was there Slain; scarce was he fallen, but the Garrison of the City came in, having notice from your Servant which you left with him with what unequal Odds he was assaulted; immediately they encompassed them in with all their Forces, destroying all of them, leaving not a Man alive, so cruelly revenging them for the Death of their Commander they so dearly affected; your Servant being over-earnest, and too forward in his Revenge for his Master's Death, unhappily was slain on the Place; your Mother was convey'd in a deadly Trance Home to her own House, where for very Grief for the Death of her Husband, and the Loss of you, she in a few Hours expir'd her last Breath.

Day at last appear'd, yet blushing to behold the Catastrophe of so Fatal a Tragedy, where the Streets lay cover'd with Blood and dismembered Men; Fame soon carried Tidings of this Tumult and Disturbance

bance to King Tancredus, who sojourn'd then with the Earl of Palermo; who from my Master hearing the certain Cause of his Daughter's Death, provoking the King to a speedy Revenge, and he soon accorded to his Desires, so that with all Expedition he return'd to Syracuse, where his Presence quieted the Remains of any further Stirs; there was diligent Inquiry made to discover you, but hearing you were gone, he sent many Vessels in pursuit of you; amongst many that were sent forth, the Earl of Palermo and my Master sent out this we are now in, at their own Charge, Manning it with their own Servants, thinking their Interest would oblige them to Revenge their Injuries more fully, promising great Rewards to us all if we could secure you Alive, or if Dead, to produce your Head; in the mean time our Vessel was Rigging, and making ready to put forth to Sea, your Father and Mother were both solemnly Interr'd in the great Temple of the City, the King himself accompanying their Bodies to the Grave, not without Tears, for the Loss of Two Friends he always so Dearly affected, vowing a severe Chastisement on you if ever he did get you into his Hands; soon after we put to Sea, and in Two Days time had the ill Fortune to meet with you, what then happen'd is Bleeding fresh in Memory, and therefore needs no Rehearsal; all that I know I have related unto you, which will be Caution enough I hope to perswade you forth of these narrow Seas, if you do prize your Life, and the Lives of these Men that accompany you, since there is no Harbour on the African Shore will secure you; for Sicilia being under the Government of the Carthagenians, the Senate will not deny Tancredus Things of greater Consequence than the delivering of you up into his Hands; and to fly to the Romans is both Dangerous and Perillous, since it is difficult, the

Seas being so beset for you that you can't pass without discovery; I find Death taking Possession of my mortal Body and my Soul, which is but a Tenant at Will, ready to leave his Habitation; let not the last remainders of this Life, to which you have shown so much Kindness, be an Occasion to destroy yours; that I may in some sort Die freed from the Obligation I stand indebted unto you in, I desire you to Live; but I hold it better for me to Die than to see so many Miseries acted over afresh again as I have been Spectator of; I feel Death seizing on me, Oh! Whither am I going? To strange and unknown Shades, from whence none ever yet returned back again to give a Description; but whatever it be, it is a Resting-place for Innocency; then Farewel restless World, I shall find that there I could never find in thee. He pronounc'd these last Words imperfectly, and giving a grievous Groan he soon Expir'd, and gave up the Ghost. Such was the end of this True and Faithful Servant, which though nameless, bears a great part in this Tragick Story, and at last seal'd it with his Blood.

I no sooner saw him departed away, but drawing my Sword, intending to have pierc'd my Heart, so to end my present Misery, and the thought of worse to come, but being perceiv'd by some Officers of the Ship, which were present at this Relation, suddenly they refrain'd me from being my own Murtherer, and by force taking my Sword from me, they convey'd me to my Cabbin, as a frantick and desperate Man; but first removing from thence all Things wherein there lay any thought of Danger; appointing my Physician, and Four Men beside to attend me; and gathering together in Council, they agreed to steer their
Course

Course towards the Kingdom of *Normay*, which lyes near the Frozen Zone, the rather because they had heard that my Grandfather was a Man of great Repute in those Parts; and for that Reason they did all concur, like the Heart of one Man, in their Resolves and Opinions of going thither. Away we went forth of the Mediterranean Sea, pass'd the *Streights* of *Gibraltar*, or *Hercules Pillars*, touching at the Isle of *Cadix*; and taking in fresh Water and Victuals needful for so long a Voyage, we left the *African* Shore astern, and sail'd away due North; when I came something better to my self I could not much gainsay or disapprove what they had done, since I had nothing could detain or perswade my Return to *Syracuse*, since all my Joys were vanish'd in the Loss of *Desdemona*, and my Dear Parents.

It would be too tedious to give you a Relation over what Seas we pass'd, and how many Dangers we escaped, sailing over mighty Waters, where the Waves like Mountains did almost lift us up to the Skies, and then again to cast us into a Valley like the Jaws of Death, so that the Death we did fly from did seem to meet us, and that which we would have shunn'd began to overtake us; but by Heavens Ordinance, which would not permit my wretched Life should so end, we escaped these fearful and dreadful Dangers, and were preserv'd freed from Shipwrack, where every Wave threatened Ruin, and every Storm Destruction, so that at last we arriv'd safely at where casting forth our Anchors, and furling our Sails, we went ashore, where we soon found the great alteration of the Climate, and the bad Exchange we had made, in forsaking *Sisilia*, our Native Country,

Country, where *Flora* did keep a never-fading Spring, and *Phœbus* with his Rays a continual Summer; where *Bacchus* kept his Vintage, and *Ceres* a perpetual Harvest; the Trees and Ground being always adorn'd with the sweetest Garb that Summer's Livery wears; when here, for a greater Curse and Torment, we found the Earth disrob'd of all that we esteem pleasant and rare; and instead of a lovely Green, covered over with Hills of Snow; the Trees, instead of Fruit, bore Icicles; and the Air, instead of a mild Temperature, was cold and piercing, always clouded with Snow, accompanied with the fierce and blustering Northwind; we left a Heaven to purchase a Hell; yet the Thought of Safety founded sweet in the midst of all our Disasters. Here we found a secure Retreat, which was freely granted unto us by the then King of *Normay*; but that was all we could purchase, for my Grandfather was Dead many Years before, and hearing no News of my Father, imagining him to be Dead, when, by his utmost Diligence, he could hear no Tidings of him, bequeath'd, and gave his Estate to his nearest Relations and Kinsmen, and they again to their Children, and so it had been possess'd by several Persons; the King then Reigning being very Young, never knew my Grandfather, but by Report or Hearsay, so that the Remembrance of so Great a Man in a few Years was quite forgotten, and almost the Thought extinguish'd and buried in Oblivion; to so poor Effect does Greatness serve to perpetuate our Memory, or Riches and high Titles to preserve our Names alive.

'Man is no sooner Born, but Death seeks out to find him, and when he first begins to live, he is onward on his way to die.

He

' He enters the World with Cries and Groans,
' and continues them with a painful Pilgrimage.

' His Years are Few, and full of Misery,
' and there is nothing he enjoys is Permanent.

' His Life is attended by a grievous Sickness, and his Prosperity is waik'd on by Adversity.

' He follows Pleasures that Vanish in the Pursuit, and fancies Felicities that are lost in the Possession.

' His Mirth is a Forerunner of Misery, and his Hopes are but the Harbingers of Despair.

' There is no high Hill but it is to me some deep Valley; nor no Felicity but it hath its Vale of Sorrow.

' The Rich Man surfeits in his Riches, while the Poor pines away for want of Bread, yet in Death there is no difference; but who lays this to Heart?

Here I was accounted of as a Stranger, although I had my Original from hence; and indeed I might well be term'd so, since the Country Customs and Manners of the People were all strange to me, and rather begat an Admiration, to see a Kingdom so very Poor, than a Hope to receive any Sustainment from them; I verily believe if King *Tancredus* and the Earl of *Palermo* had known of my being there, they would scarce have made so long and dangerous a Journey after me, but would rather have accorded to have let me live in this Country, as being a greater Punishment than a sudden Death; so that I need not have given the King of *Norway* the Trouble to Protect me in his

his Dominions; the very Coldness of his Country, and the Dangerous Seas that lay betwixt *Sicilia* and this Place, were of Force enough for our Safety.

But Life alone, without a Livelihood to maintain it, is a continual Death; and I think in this Distraction of Spirit I should have courted my own Ruin, had not my Concernments for my Poor Men retarded me from it; I could not without great Ingratitude leave these Poor Men, who had so willingly made themselves Companions in my Misfortunes, and forsaken their own Country for my proper Interest, a Prey to Casualties and Disasters of a strange Country, so to perish in an unknown Land. When I consider'd their Condition my Bowels yern'd with the Imagination of their future Misery; we staid there about Five Months, and all the Wealth I did enjoy serv'd only to defray our Charges, so that our Condition, as I imagin'd, was past hope of Cure, and Necessity began so much to straiten me, that I had nothing left wherewithal to maintain almost an Hundred Men, being all the Remainders of Two Hundred, the rest perishing in the late Fight: Now nothing remained but the bare and intire Ship. Want enforc'd me to offer it to Sale; the poor Men hanging down their Heads with the Sense of Sorrow, in Expectation of their future Condition, which they apprehended was very near at Hand; none offer'd to object against the Proposal I had made, for Nature call'd to be satisfied, and Hunger more sharp than the Sword, in this Cold and Miserable Country, would not admit of Reason to Capitulate of any thing but the Time present; many Merchants residing there offer'd to Buy it, but we could

Not

not suddenly agree of the Price; we were unwilling to Sell all the Hopes we had now left at a Loss.

We were in this despairing Condition, when a Strange Man, or rather a Monster of Men, accosted us; his Stature was Tall, his Body Big, proportionable to his Height, his Looks very Grim and Fierce, his Hair dangling in Curls on his Shoulders like wreath'd Snakes, his Beard Long and Peak'd, his Mouth Big, his Nostrils Wide, his Nose Sharp, his Face Wrinkled, yet his Eyes darted Fire; his Cloathing was made of Bears Skins, his Cap was made of a Tiger's; after a marvellous deform'd manner he came towards me with a grave and solid Pace, and standing still a little time, first viewing me, then casting his Eyes on my Men, after a while he thus bespake me. Sir, Were there not Graves enough in Sicilia, but you must needs bring these poor Wretches to make their Tombs in the Snow, which covers all this Country? Marvel not that I say Sicilia, for I can relate your deepest Secrets, which occasion'd you to abandon your Country, to retire your self to this miserable Place, where Famine is ready to seize on you all; let your Folly proceed no farther as to make Sale of your Vessel, for with that you make Sale of your Lives; I know you will plead Necessity as your Excuse, but that shall be suddenly remedied by me; let your Men go aboard your Vessel, and expect the Issue, and about the Hours of Eleven and Twelve at Night fail not to meet me here exactly. This said, away he went, leaving me in Amazement at his Discourse; yet hoping the best, and desirous to see the end, I requested my Men to go aboard, which accordingly they did.

The

The appointed Hour being come, and the Time drawing near, and I accordingly attending at the Place nominated; when after a small stayance, by the glimmering Light of the Stars, which shine very Bright in these Northern Parts, I could perceive one making up towards me, and when the Distance began to grow less between us, I soon discern'd it to be the same Man which had order'd my being there at that time; when he cast his Eyes on me, and saw me standing there ready, without speaking one word unto me, he cast a Mantle on the Ground, bidding me remove from the Place where I stood, and stand upon it; his fearful Looks, strange Actions and Gestures, made me fear to abide the Issue, yet having not Courage enough to disobey his Commands, I went and stood upon it accordingly; which I had no sooner done, but he also placed himself by me, and drawing out a Book forth his Bosom, he began to read strange Characters in an unknown Language, which I understood not; with a Wand which he had in his Hand Three times he circled the Mantle, then turning himself to the East, then to the West, then to the South, and lastly, to the North, when on a sudden there arose a Tempestuous Wind, and in a Moment the Mantle began to remove off from the Ground, and nimbly to mount with us into the Air; in a few Moments we were lifted up above the sight of Earth, flying swiftly away on the Wings of the Wind, till about the Hour that *Lucifer*, that Glorious Star, did begin to appear, then the Mantle began to descend towards the Earth in a strange unknown Place, and softly seated us hard by the Mouth of a dismal Cave; he beckoned me to follow him, which accordingly I did; being

being enter'd the Cave I did behold many spacious and sumptuous Rooms, richly hang'd with Cloth of Arras and Tapestry, the Tables furnish'd with all Sorts of Delicious Viands; I still follow'd him into the midst of the Vault, where hung a Bright and Shining Carbuncle, which gave a clear Light to the rest of the Rooms; all the living Creatures I did behold passing along were many ill-favour'd Old Women, deformed above what I can describe, or you imagine; ill shapen, and more strangely attir'd; they all yielded a kind of Reverence to this Old Man as their Chief; we went through many Rooms, till at last we came into an inner Parlour, more Dismal and Fearful than the rest; on the Walls were painted many strange and monstrous Shapes; in the midst of the Room hung Two Lamps, which gave a blue and dim Light, from which issu'd a sulphurous and stinking Stench of Brimstone; hard by the Lamps was seated a large round Table, and on the Table lay a very great Book, and by the Table stood a Chair, far above the common Size, where he seated himself, and leaning his Head on his Right Hand about a quarter of an Hour, he was very earnest in turning over the Leaves of the Book, and at last leaving it open on the Table, he turn'd himself towards me, and bespoke me thus.

' *Almerin of Sicilia*, thou art come to purchase a Habitation in this remote Part of the World; wonder not at what you have seen, nor at what you see, but leave your Admirati-on intire for the time to come, for the Days draw near at Hand when your Wealth shall exceed the Riches of *Norway*, when your Name shall become a Terror to the Inhabi-
tants

' tants of this Northern World; their Kings
 ' and Rulers shall tremble for Fear of you, and
 ' their Ears shall glow to hear your Acts related;
 ' Merchants from remote Parts shall hold them-
 ' selves Happy in your Friendship; you shall in-
 ' gross to your self so many Rich Commodities,
 ' that the Worth shall not be Valued; and you
 ' will make the King of *Norway* Mighty, by rea-
 ' son of your Puissance; great Kings shall request
 ' his Alliance for their own Safety, and you shall
 ' grow strong from the Ruin of others. The time
 ' come, nay, it is at the Doors, when Fame shall
 ' sound the Report of you to Foreign Nations,
 ' so that your Cruelties shall make you Famous,
 ' for you shall destroy Mothers, and cruelly dash
 ' their Children against the Wall; barbarously
 ' you shall Deflower and Ravish young Virgins,
 ' destroying whole Villages with their Inhabitants;
 ' since you have delighted in Rape and Murther
 ' you shall proceed, and what you have done
 ' shall be nothing in Comparison of what you shall
 ' do; yet remember that Saying of *Artemesia*,
 ' for it must be fulfilled, (when you desire
 ' to live you be shall surprized, and cut
 ' off.) This Country you are now in is *Lapland*,
 ' this Cave is my Residence; I am Servant to
 ' *Lucifer*, Lord of this World, Prince of the
 ' Air, and Arch-Duke of the River *Stix*, and
 ' chief King of the Infernal Shades; by him I am
 ' employed as a Register to take the Names of
 ' all such Persons as will become his Servants; and
 ' having notice by my Intelligencers of the lost
 ' Condition you and your Men were in, by Or-
 ' der from my Sovereign Lord I have brought you
 ' here, where before I can give you Remedy
 ' you must with your own Blood write your
 ' Name in this Book, and enter your self a Ser-

' want to him, always to be at his Command
 ' and Disposal, whenever he shall require it,
 ' only for him, and alone to him; and of these
 ' Particulars you are not to fail. *This said, he*
turn'd the Book towards me: ' Look here (*said he*)
 ' and behold this huge Volume, fill'd with the
 ' Names of such Servants as I have taken in the
 ' behalf of my Lord *Lucifer*; it is no small Ad-
 ' vantage that he deigns you the Honour to be
 ' one of his. *This said, he offer'd me a Pen and*
Penknife, and a small Cup, (saying,) ' What you
 ' do perform it quickly, for the Night begins to
 ' grow old, and you have many Miles to return
 ' to the Place from whence you came.

I, who then had not Reason to consider of
 the Circumstances, thinking this *Lucifer* was
 some great God that our Forefathers and
 Priests did never know, and that he was pitiful
 because he commiserated my woful Condition,
 and judging my self happy in being own'd by
 so great a Deity, I made no scruple to perform
 what he commanded me; so that taking the
 Penknife, I open'd a Vein in my Left Arm,
 while the Old Senior held the Cup to receive
 the Blood, and having bled some small quanti-
 ty, I stopt the Incision, and wrote according to
 the Presidents of others there before me, and
 signed it with my Name; this done, he closed
 up the Book, and going into a dark Corner or
 Hole, he took forth a small Bag of Gold, and
 deliver'd it into my Hands, (*saying,*) ' Let this
 ' suffice to Victual your Ship, and provide what
 ' Necessaries you are in want of; you must now
 ' turn Rover, or in a more proper Sense, Pirate,
 ' and by that Means raise your Fortunes on the
 ' Sea; here also I will give you a Treasure shall
 ' help you in your Need, and secure you in the
 ' midst

' midst of Dangers. *Saying this, he shewed me a small Compass, denominating and shewing the Four Quarters of the World.* ' Here (continued he) is ' a Jewel not to be valu'd; if you want Booty, ' Sail towards the East, and you shall obtain your ' Desire; if you are pursu'd, Sail towards the ' West, and you shall secure your Retreat; yet ' take this Caution with you, that you steer at ' such Times, according to the several Points of ' this Compass, and not of the known Quarters ' of the World, for this varies from them ' Rules; now what remains, but that you sit and ' eat what is prepar'd for us, and that you re- ' turn again to your Vessel. This said, he left that dismal Room, and conducted me to one of the Tables I saw cover'd at my first coming in, where we seated ourselves, being serv'd and attended by these ill-look'd Old Women. Having taken some small Repast, the Cloth was taken away, and for his Diversion he commanded the Old Women to come before him, which was no sooner done, but pronouncing many strange Speeches, from the most Secret Parts of the Cave there was heard to proceed a bewitching and delightful Noise of sweet charming Musick; at the hearing of this the Old deformed Women began to Dance in Form, according to the Stops of the Musick, when in a Moment the Sweetness chang'd, seeming more rude and harsh; and in the turning of a Hand these Old Hags were Transform'd into the Shape of Wolves, still dancing after a Rustick manner; immediately the Musick alter'd, and they became all Metamorphos'd into the Shape of Lions, and by the changing of the Notes into their own Likeness again, and so continuing dancing while the Melody ceas'd, and then they left

left off; after which the Old grim Vizzer thus bespake me. 'I would detain you with me longer, but the Time is short, and your Journey long, and your Men Ardently expect your Return; but before you go take this Present from my Hand; it is of no small Esteem, neither will it be of mean Use unto you; by Virtue of this *Eolus* shall be your Slave, and *Boreas* and *Zephrus* shall attend you, and Fortune, spight of herself, shall be your Friend. This said, he drew from his Bosom a small Cord, knit with about One Hundred Knots: 'If you be becalmed, (*continu'd he,*) undo one of these Knots, and you shall have a Gale according to your Desire at all Times, and on all Occasions; for my own Part I cannot accompany you back to your Vessel, but One of these shall, pointing to the Old Women. This said, we arose from the Table and went forth, where one of the Hags spread a Mantle on the Ground. I was order'd, as before, to stand on it, while he plac'd one of those horrid Monsters by my Side, which being done, he takes his Book, as at first, and circling the Mantle with his Wand, he bad me farewell; mean while the Mantle arose from the Ground, and ascended aloft into the Air, so that we soon lost sight of the Cave, and parting the Air with incredible swiftness, being carried after such a rate that in a small time we had gain'd the Kingdom of *Norway*, and the Mantle began to descend down where it first took me up; I was no sooner gone off it, but immediately it vanish'd from my sight, so that I had not one Minutes time to return Thanks for these Kindnesses so freely conferr'd on me.

The Day began now to break in the East, which forc'd the Shades of Night to retire;
(while

(while I stood musing on the strange Passages) *Aurora* leapt nimbly from watty *Neptune*. This Sight caused me to make Means to get abroad, which I soon purchas'd; where coming, I found my Men almost Dead with Despair; but my return began to enliven and quicken their Hope, and from my Countenance they began to presage of their own good Fortune; being unwilling to keep them in suspense, I shewed them the Gold, and acquainted them on what Terms it was given; I gave them a true Rehearsal of all the Accidents that had befallen me from the Time I left them unto that present Hour: And also the Discourse of the Old Man, touching my self and them; I left nothing unreveal'd of all that hapned, but discover'd all to a Title; my Discourse charm'd them so, that they all jointly with one Applause willingly offer'd to continue subject to my Commands, and freely to spend their Lives in my Defence; I gave them many Thanks for their Affection formerly shewed, and their Kindnesses still continued towards me, and distributing to every Man a Piece of Gold, I kept the residue to provide Necessaries for the Ship; we all went Ashore, merrily Frolicking out the ensuing Day; all of them banishing their Fears, began to grow Sprightly and Lively, like many Flowers that in the Absence of the Sun droop their Heads, and at his return receive new Life and Vigour, flourishing freshly; so these despairing Men from this new Hope received fresh Courage; and they that not an Hour before had not Valour enough to defend themselves, with the Thought of what they had, and the Hope and Expectation of what they might have, became Confident and Resolute; so that the greatest Impossibilities became easie, and the

the greatest Difficulties possible to be overcome by them. The next Day towards the Evening we weighed Anchor, and loosed our Sails, which had lain a long time furled up; letting fly our Colours, away we went, leaving the City of _____ at our Backs; and now to make Experience of my Compass, we steer'd towards the East accordingly, and being impatient to prove the Trial of my Knots, I loosed one, and upon a sudden there arose a stiff Gale of Wind, which forc'd our Ship forwards with such Speed, that with our Canvas Wings it rather seem'd to Fly than to Sail; thus we spent the greatest Part of the Night, thinking it to be long and tedious, because it did so much defer our Expectations of the ensuing Day. Day, long-wish'd for, at last appear'd, so that we might discern on our Larboard side a very stately Ship sailing along; at this Sight we alter'd our Course, and made up to it with Speed, and storm'd it with our Arrows, but found so small Resistance that we soon Boarded the Ship, making Prize of all, as well Ship as Lading, casting as well the whole as the wounded Men over-board, and leaving some few of my own Men to guide and conduct it, we follow'd the same Course we formerly steer'd by the Directions of the Compass; in a few Hours sail we took Two Ships more, both richly Laden, and cast all the Souls over-board, as we did the first; this was our Custom a while, lest by preserving them we had ruin'd our selves, by the Intelligence they might have given to the Kings of that Country, unto whom they did belong, and perswade them to a Revenge, while we were yet in our Infancy of Rising, and so soon have rooted us up, and frustrated our Intentions; thus secretly we began

gan to lay our Foundation and Hopes of becoming greater on the Ruin of others, till we grew to a Capacity to make Opposition against the strongest Enemy that durst disturb us. Why, Madam, need I enlarge my self on Particulars of this Nature, or Clog your Ears with such Discourses as have been too dull and frequent in the Relation I have made you? In short, we began to steer our Course for the Coast of *Norway*, when we discern'd a Ship making after us with full Sails, and fearing to lose the Booty we had gotten, I speedily began to undo one of my Knots, and to steer towards the *West*, according to the Observation of my Compass, when suddenly there arose a contrary Gale of Wind, so that in a Moment we lost sight of the other Vessel; and sailing with a strong Wind, towards the Evening of the next ensuing Day we discover'd the Coast of *Norway*, which we soon gain'd; we anchored, and landed our Goods, which were very Rich, where we made a sudden Sale, but yet reserving what was most Precious to make a Present of it to the King, the more to endear and oblige him to our Interest; the Money I would have shar'd equally amongst them all, but they would not agree to that, so that by their Importunity I was forc'd to receive the one half, with which I redeem'd the best Part of my Grandfather's Possessions; we put forth to Sea again, and return'd with many Rich Prizes, as is almost incredible; I redeem'd the Residue of my Grandfather's Estate, and in a small Time purchased great Lordships, yet always reserving a great Stock of Money ready on all Occasions; all the Ships that were fit for War I set forth to Sea again, making of my own Men

Men, Officers, which had, as their Servants, many of the Subjects of the King of *Norway*, that went with them. Thus we dispers'd our selves on the Sea, and became mighty on the Ocean; if we miss'd of Booty by Water, we sought it on Land; and on the East side of *Britain*, and the Western Parts of *Scotland*, we went Ashore, Plundering and Sacking whole Towns, and Convoying our Prey Aboard, we returned safely Home, so that my Fame began to rise in all Parts, and spread abroad in Foreign Countries, so that not one Tittle of the Old Man's Words fell to the Ground unfulfill'd.

My Wealth growing great, and my Riches daily increasing, the King of *Norway* honour'd me so much as to offer me his own Niece to Wife, willing me to continue in the City Royal with him, and to ordain a Deputy over my Affairs at Sea, that I might take a little Pleasure and Ease after so many past Miseries; I promised to perform all that he desir'd after I had been forth one Voyage more, and at my return to submit to whatsoever he should command me; I gave him many obliging Thanks for his Concerns he had for me, and so took my Leave of him, promising a speedy return. Our Ships being ready, and the Wind blowing fair, we quickly left *Norway*, and sailing about Three Days by the Directions of my Compass Eastwards, and meeting no Prize, we sever'd our selves to divers Quarters, so that I left my self alone, only with this Admiral Ship we are now in, and Cruising about some time to little Purpose, we resolv'd to put Ashore on the East Parts of *Albion* (as oftentimes we had done before) to Forrage for Cattle to victual our Ship; when at our first Landing, to For-

tune presented us with the Sight of your Brother, who stood in Opposition against a very great Number in your Defence; this Sight diverted our former Intentions, so that we march'd towards them, not to assist either Party, but to make our utmost Advantage of both; at the Sight of us those that assaulted your Brother fled away, and he only keeping his Station, undaunted made his Stand good against us all, till being overpower'd by Number, we took him Prisoner, and with him your Fair self, Fortune above Measure making me Happy for the Loss of my Dearest *Desdemona*; so that there rests nothing now but that I return to *Norway*, never to trust the Dangers of this Liquid Element any longer, there to offer my self, and what I enjoy, at your Feet, and joyfully to build my whole Felicity in the Hopes I have conceiv'd one Day to be yours.

This, Madam, (continued he,) is the Period and End of my Dismal Story, which I have truly related, not omitting ought might make me seem less faulty; but rather I have aggravated my Crimes, and added to my Offences; for I find it impossible to relate Falshoods unto you, or to excuse my self with Untruths; I am before a Judge (your Fair Self, Madam,) who can judiciously and wisely Dilate upon and Censure my Offences, which well weigh'd and consider'd, will rather inforce Pity than Resentments, that may prove Fatal unto me, since none of my Crimes have proceeded from my Inclinations, but from my adverse Fate; did I practice *Artemesia's* Death? Remember that Wicked Issue had a Noble Parent, Love; was I unconstant to *Artemesia*? Oh remember my Constancy to *Desdemona*! Think if I could have been unconstant

stant I might have been less wretched; if I have oblig'd you in the Rehearsal, or disoblig'd my self, I am not able to judge; yet consider how willing I am to Court all Opportunities to endear you, and that I hazard my own Interest, for the pettiest Occasion to oblige you; there is something due to that; should you hold me guilty I will not justify my self, or judge me Innocent I would continue silent, and make no reply, but rest satisfied in granting your Request in this Rehearsal and Relation of the History of my Life.

The Continuation of the History of Orsamus and Cynthia.

HERE *Almerin* ended the Story of the Adventures of his Life, leaving *Orsamus* and *Cynthia* in Admiration and Astonishment; they saw he was pursued by a Divine Hand, and that it was impossible for him to fly his Fate, so that they began to look on their own Condition, fearfully apprehending the Calamities that might befall them, in being Prisoner to one who being follow'd by Divine Vengeance, made all Miserable that were concern'd in any thing that appertained unto him; they well knew what they could expect or receive from the Hands of one whose Life had been monstrous, but the latter Part most fearful and horrid; their Fears almost made them despair, but that they did remember Heaven doth always assist the Vertuous in their

greatest Calamities, and is nearest at Hand with Remedy and Relief, when our Miseries become most Desperate, and past Cure.

Alexander Magnus, that Brave *Macedonian* Monarch, being by the States of all *Grecia* chosen Captain-General to pass into *Asia*, and to make War with the *Persians*; before he took Ship he enquir'd after the Estate of all his Friends, to know what Means they had to follow him; then he distributed and gave to one Lands, to another a Village, to this Man the Custom of some Haven, to another the Profit of some Burrough Town, bestowing in this Manner the most part of his Demesns and Revenues; and when *Perdicus*, one of his Lieutenants, ask'd him what he reserved for himself? He answer'd, (*I leave Hope for Alexander*;) so great Confidence had this Noble Warriour in his own Vertue; nothing in the World is more common than Hope; it abides with the most Prosperous, nor doth it abandon the most Wretched; without Hope our Life would be insupportable; for as the Winds do not always blow vehemently, so Happy Men are not ever Fortunate, nor unhappy Men always Miserable; Hope easeth the Burthen of Man's Miseries, and it never fails him until he ceases to be; Hope is the best Comforter in the greatest Adversities, because nothing so much dissipates the sharpness of present Calamities, as the Hope of future Felicities; there is Vicissitudes in all Things, and nothing below continues in one State and Condition; Winter does not continue ever, and the Moon is not always in her Wain; those Fortune frowns on to Day, she may smile on to Morrow; the Air is not always Tempestuous, nor the Sun continues not long clouded; Ver-

various Persons may fall into Misfortunes, but
 they be of small Durance. These Considerati-
 ons did something allay and dissipate the Grievs
 our disconsolate Lovers endured, else it had
 been too heavy a Burthen; for their Condition
 seem'd so desperate only a Divine Power could
 relieve them, since Humane Assistance fail'd
 them; the Relation of *Almerin's* Life, instead
 of a Divertisement that *Cynthia* expected, be-
 came an Addition to their own Miseries, and
 an Augmentation of their Fears; yet in Civility
 she was inforced to render him Thanks for his
 Narration; after some Discourse had pass'd a-
 bout some Particulars of it, Day left this upper
 World, and Night began to cloath herself in
 a Sable Black, so putting a Period to their Dis-
 course, *Orsamus* and *Almerin*, each taking their
 respective Farewells of *Cynthia*, left her to her
 Rest; *Orsamus* retiring to his Cabbin, and *Al-*
merin to give Commands to his Soldiers, con-
 cerning the ordering of the Ship. Some Days
 passed away, while they Cruised about in
 Expectation of some more Prizes, that they
 might not go Home unladen to *Norway*.
 This Consideration alone retarded their Voy-
 age.

In the mean Time *Almerin* prosecuted his
 Suit to *Cynthia* with much eagerness, still keep-
 ing himself in the Bounds of his Respect, un-
 til, by the return of *Cynthia's* Beauty, his Love
 blew his Lust into a Flame, which could not be
 extinguish'd without Peril to either Side; Love
 is a Passion of all other most Lovely, until
 Lust takes a Moiety, and becomes his Rival;
 then it becomes a very Tyrant, and is subject
 to the greatest Villany; for where Passion bears
 Sway there is no Place admitted for Reason to

Plead; no wonder then if *Almerin* broke the Laws wherewith he had confined himself, since Reason made them, and Passion is always a Rebel to Reason; sometimes they give him fair Hopes, but as often defer him with Delays; but Delays breeds Impatience, and Impatience as often beget Extreame: This was fully verified in *Almerin*, although *Cynthia* forbore as much as possible to treat him harshly, that she might still keep them in Terms of Respect.

About Nine Days had pass'd away since first they were Surprized, when he came very rudely into her Cabbin, and with much Insolence treated her in this Manner: *Madam, I see all my Civilities have been lost upon you, and you provoke me to destroy all the Considerations that have flow'd from that Fountain. I have henceforth decreed to seek my Satisfaction by other Means; so that I allow you until to Morrow to frame a Resolution, and if that fail, to o'ercome your Obstinacy; I shall know how to oblige you unto it in spite of your Aversion.* He confirm'd this Menace with many other; and his Actions agreeing thereunto, told him to have spake nothing but what he had fully determin'd before in his Mind; saying this, he left the Cabbin without the least Respect, and in his going out he fortun'd to meet *Orsamus*, as then going to pay his usual Visit to *Cynthia*, and greeting him in this rough Language, *Sir, (said he,) remember from henceforth you are my Prisoner; and since Fortune is no more kind unto you, and gives you no greater Tie over your Sister's Affections, that she will not suffer you to Gain your Freedom, from henceforth you shall be treated like a Slave, or like one that has baffled and deluded me with false Hopes; henceforth I shall find other Ways to compass* my

my Ends without your Intercession; until to Morrow I have allowed your Sister to Veil her Willfulness to my Desires, which if you can perfect you may both yet be Happy. Saying this he left him, not expecting a Reply; which Fortune fell out well for Orsamus, for his Answer no doubt would have incensed the Pirate to present Extremities; for Almerin spake to a Man whose Spirit was not capable to be frightened by Bugbears; instead of being amazed at his Change, it began to rouse his Courage for a speedy Revenge: Base Man, (said he,) Dost think thy Villany shall always remain unpunished, and that there is no Period set on thy Wickedness? Barbarous Man, (continued he,) thou dost but hasten on thy Fate, which else might have been defer'd some small Time longer. This said, he entered into Cynthia's Cabbin, yet composing all that was fierce and terrible in his Looks to a lovely Sweetness, he found the Idea of all his Felicity bathing that lovely Object in Tears; Love and Pity would have perswaded him to bear her Company in her Sorrows, she made Grief seem so lovely; but better Reason taught him to dissipate those Floods of Woes, if possible, that thus oppress'd her; when falling at her Feet, embracing her Knees with a tender Emotion of Pity and Compassion, Why these Precious Showers, Madam? (Said he,) Wherefore the Overflowings of Grief? Is it because this Villain has so confidently set a Time to finish his Desires? Alas, my Dear Princess, he does but hurry on his own Punishment, and set an End unto his Villany; fear not the Issue, Madam, for if you fear, I shall faint; from your Eyes I shall receive my Destiny; Oh! Let them not be overcast with Clouds as a certain Omen of my Overthrow; Death itself could not beget an Effect in my Soul like your Tears.

*Oh cease to exercise those Cruelties on your self!
And be not so unkind to one that Loves you above
his Life.*

All the Time of this Discourse Orsamus remain'd at her Feet, excess of Grief having almost made her Insensible; but recollecting her Spirits, taking him by the Hand, Rise Orsamus, (said she,) and blame not my Grievs, since Fortune intends to put no Period to our Misfortunes, nor End to our Miseries; she is become Cruel without Remorse, and Pitiless without Compassion; if I think of Hope, she soon transforms it into Despair, and if I dare imagine I may be more Happy, she soon curbs me in for that Presumption; if there is no determinate End set to my Misfortunes, why should I expect any longer, and not court Death as the last Remedy? Then blame not the Tears I shed in so woful a Case, since some fall for Orsamus, and accompany those that drop away for Cynthia. Orsamus ravish'd at this free and unconstrain'd Answer of Cynthia, and Manifestation of her Pity, Oh! Madam, (said he,) how happy do you make me in the midst of my Misfortunes, a Thousand such Lives as mine spent in your Service were but poor Arguments to Balance or make a Recompence for the least of those Precious Tears that you shed: Oh rest contented, my dearest Princess! I am only Safe in your Security, and Happy in your Satisfaction: Oh fear not for me! It is impossible I should be thus Fortunate, and yet be Unhappy.

In such mournful Discourse they pass away the Day, till Night approach'd to accompany them with her dismal Shades; this Night Orsamus continued with Cynthia a woful Companion of her Sorrows; nor was it gainsaid by Almerin, since he apprehended it would be a furtherance to his Designs; much Discourse
pass'd

passed between these unfortunate Lovers that ensuing Night so woful, that my Pen cannot Decipher them in their true Colours, and therefore I continue silent.

Night began to cast off her Sable Mantle, and *Luna* gave an Exit to this upper World; Darkness was hush'd away, and *Phœbus* newly darted his resplendent Rays from the *East*, when our Disconsolate Lovers preparing themselves for the Disasters that might befall them that succeeding Day. Scarce had the *Aurora* of the Day given place to that Illustrious Planet the Sun, but *Almerin* with hasty Steps made towards the Cabbin-door, which was no sooner perceiv'd by *Orsamus*, but he made ready for his Entertainment; *Cynthia* perswaded him from an Attempt upon his Life, but he return'd Answer, *Cease, Fair Soul, and let me alone, middle Ways to such Enterprizes are dull.* By this time *Almerin* came to the Cabbin-door, which was opened unto him by *Orsamus*; at his Entrance he suddenly disarm'd him of his Sword with such an impetuous Fury, that before he could cry for Help, or make the least Resistance, he cast him deadly wounded at his Feet. *Lye there thou main Obstrucler of my Quiet,* (said he,) *take the Reward of thy Villany in the Grave.* Hardly was he fallen on the Deck but his amaz'd Spirits return'd, being ready to give a Farewel to the Old Companion the Body; which *Orsamus* seeing, made ready to give him another Blow, so to make a sudden End to that Fatal Separation, which *Almerin* perceiving, cry'd out, 'Oh, hold your Hand! It is enough; I feel my Soul is ready to take her Flight, and my Continuance here will be but for a few

‘ Moments, when I must go hence, and never return no more. O take a Truth from my Mouth!
 ‘ The last Words of a dying Man, and let them be
 ‘ annexed to the Fatal Story of my Life for the
 ‘ Advantage of succeeding Times.

‘ Yesternight, about the Time that the Moon,
 ‘ the Fair Ruler of the dismal Shades, began
 ‘ to decline towards the West, t’illumine that part
 ‘ of Heaven, the Bell then beating One, as I
 ‘ lay in my Cabbin upon my Bed a feeble and
 ‘ low Voice came unto my Ear, *Almerin* awake,
 ‘ the last Period of thy Life draws near; Oh be
 ‘ Wise, and endeavour to avoid it! I suddenly
 ‘ started from my Bed at this Summons, but
 ‘ stiffned with Amazement, for behold I saw the
 ‘ Fair Idea of my dearest *Desdemona* close by me
 ‘ in the same Form I have related unto you:
 ‘ Arise, continued this Fair Shape, and let me
 ‘ make thee understand Things whereof thou art
 ‘ yet Ignorant, for which I have burst the Cere-
 ‘ ments of my Sepulchre, and the Earth wherein
 ‘ I was Hearsed, to give thee a timely Warning:
 ‘ But soft, methinks I scent the Morning Air;
 ‘ I must be brief, and so leave thee. Know
 ‘ *Almerin*, the utmost Date of thy Life, allotted
 ‘ thee by the Fates, is at an End, since thou de-
 ‘ sirest to Live, and there is no Way to avoid it
 ‘ but by neglecting the Cause: Oh, cease to
 ‘ Love this Fair Unknown now in thy Custody!
 ‘ Thy Love to me has made thy Life unpleasant;
 ‘ the Continuation of thy Love to her will make
 ‘ thee miserable to all Eternity; set her Ashore,
 ‘ on the Land from whence thou Ravish’d her, and
 ‘ make thy self Miserable by her Absence, that
 ‘ beginning to loath thy Life, thou may’st keep
 ‘ it some few Moments longer, which spend to
 ‘ pacifie the offended Deities, that thou may’st
 ‘ be

' be happy in the Life to come; make use of
 ' this Advertisment from one that must needs
 ' Love thee in the Grave. About this time a
 ' Cock I have a long Time kept Aboard my Vessel
 ' began to Crow, at which this Fair Spirit
 ' started, as a guilty Thing. But hark, (*continued it,*) I hear a Summons that speaks Martins
 ' to be near, so that I must depart with speed
 ' to my Confinement: Adieu, Adieu, make use
 ' of my Advice; Farewel, and be Happy; and
 ' so it vanish'd from my Sight. When I recol-
 ' lected my amazed Spirits, I could not frame
 ' a Resolution to prefer my Life before my
 ' Love; and indeed my Soul was so wrack'd and
 ' disturb'd, that much Time pass'd before I could
 ' resolve on any Thing; but at last, constrain'd
 ' by Necessity, I agreed to quit my dearest Ob-
 ' ject for ever; but alas, alas, many Doubts
 ' cast themselves in the Way, and my Mind was
 ' as yet unstable unto which side I should in-
 ' cline: So that leaping from my Bed, I girded
 ' on my Sword, leaving my Cabbin to make these
 ' Disasters known unto you, to crave your Ad-
 ' vice, and see what has fallen out; in my
 ' Death I have no more than my Deserts, yet
 ' I should die satisfied could I secure your Safe-
 ' ty; but my Breath begins to fail me, so that
 ' I cannot perform this last Office to my Love.
 ' Oh this gloomy World! In what a Shadow and
 ' deep Pit of Darkness do you leave us? Unto
 ' what dismal Place, and Abyss of Misery, must
 ' I be-conveyed? Where must my fleeting Soul
 ' take her Habitation? Oh you Divine Deities,
 ' that punish the Errors Mortals commit in this
 ' Life with perpetual Torments! Is there no
 ' End or Period set, but from Eternity to E-
 ' ternity? Is there no revoking of your Decrees,

' no;

' nor no Cessation of our Torments? Oh, no!
 ' Alas, alas, none that go to that appointed
 ' Place ever return back again. Oh horrible!
 ' Oh fearful! Oh terrible! Still beginning and
 ' never ending Eternity; now I desire to Live
 ' because I fear to Die; yet I would Die because
 ' I would be freed from the fear of worse to
 ' come. Oh Happy they that so Live that they
 ' may be never afraid to Die; to such Death
 ' is a Bed of Rest, Eternal Happiness, and their
 ' Reward is *Elizium*; ———but mine is——ano-
 ' ther Voyage,—my last Minutes are at Hand;—
 ' I go away in a Mist I know not how;—I can no
 ' more,—Farewel. At this Word he gave up the
 Ghost, to the Amazement of *Orsamus*, and the
 Terror of *Cynthia*.

In a Moment the Glory of the Day was
 overcast with Black Clouds, the Winds grew
 boisterous, and the Seas turbulent; the resound-
 ing Eccho of the Thunder-claps were terrible
 to the Hearer; Flashes of Lightning made the
 Ship seem on Fire, with Storms of Hail and
 Rain, so that there began a cruel Tempest;
 the Waves grew proud, and the Ship disdain'd
 to be govern'd by the Pilot's Skill, so that the
 Men made towards *Cynthia's* Cabbin to give
 Notice to their Captain to have his Advice;
 when behold they were amaz'd at the dismal
 Object presented unto their Eyes; they saw
 him wallowing in his own Blood at the En-
 trance of the Cabbin; this Sight was follow'd
 with a loud and bitter Cry, and with the La-
 mentations of many different Voices; still the
 Storm continued, and their Confusion increas-
 ed, until at last, recollecting their Distracti-
 on, they agreed with one Consent to make
 good their Revenge upon *Orsamus*, who they
 doubted

doubted not had been the Murtherer of their Captain; part they appointed to manage the Ship in that Storm, while the rest went to Sacrifice his Blood to the Ghost of their slain Commander; their Resolution was answerable to their Design; for the loss of their Captain whom they lov'd so intirely, and in whom they built their future Fortunes, had rais'd their Choler to such an heighth that nothing could allay it but his Death; this was made manifest in their fierce Assault, which was by *Orsamus* as bravely repuls'd, for he had gotten this Advantage, that defending himself at the Entrance of the Cabbin-door, but one at a Time could endanger or hurt him, and that Odds seem'd not much unequal unto him; the Combat continued hot on both sides, *Orsamus* for the Safety of his dearest *Cynthia*, and the Pirates for their Révenge; Three of the Pirates *Orsamus* had sent to accompany their Captain, neither did he himself escape without Wounds; Things were thus stat'd when the Tempest began to assuage, and one from the Fore-castle began to cry out, *A Sail, a Sail*. This Summons perswaded them to defer their Revenge for a small Time, so that of that great number that assailed him, Six only staid as a Guard to secure him, fearing should they engage he might issue forth, and join with the Enemy, to their so small Disadvantage.

The Ship drew nearer, making towards them with full Sails, and before their Preparations were in a readiness for Defence, they were saluted with a Shower of Arrows that seem'd to darken the Sky; in a few Moments they came to a closer Combate, and grappled with their Ship; then the Fight became Bloody and Cruel;
Despair

Despair made the Pirates Couragious, so that Twice they repulsed them with no small Loss; in the Third Assault they were worsted, and their Enemies taking Advantage of their Retreat, slew all, leaving not a Man alive; those that guarded *Orsamus* were fled away, and escaped his Hands, but it was only to fall by others; some that were forwardest for Plunder and Spoil would have entred *Orsamus's* Cabbin, but their Lives paid the Forfeit of their Folly; this occasion'd another bickering, and drew most part of the Conquerors together, to behold a Resistance so bravely maintain'd by One Man, where Eight lay wallowing in their Blood; yet he made good his Defence still in the Passage he had undertaken to keep; thus he continued Triumphant in their Deaths, making himself a Barricado of their Carcases, while the Victorious Captain that had Boarded the Ship was a Spectator, and pitying that so much Bravery should wither in the Bud, and be destroyed by rustick Hands, he commanded his Men to leave assailing him, and drawing something nearer, *Gallant Man*, (said he,) *your Courage has gain'd an Esteem in the Breast of your Enemy; cease this Fatal Contest, and I promise you Safety both of Life and Liberty.*

Your Offer is Noble, (replied *Orsamus*,) *nor could it flow but from a Breast truly Generous; it is not only against your Men I have made this Resistance, but against the whole Strength of the Ship, before your Valour subdu'd it; the Captain lyes here a Sacrifice, slain by my Hand; and nothing could have preserved my Life, had not Divine Providence directed you hither; yet being my Preserver, I dare not deliver my self on these Terms; not that I doubt the Performace of your Promise,*
but

but a small Addition thereunto; here is within this Cabbin one whose Safety if I cannot secure I shall little value my own; if you please to let us both share alike in your Bounty and Generosity, and Promise to include us both in that Noble Offer of Life and Liberty you so lately proffer'd me, I'll submit my self to your Protection; if not, I am ready to make good my Defence with the Loss of that Life I shall not esteem, without the intire Performance of these Articles. Saying this, he put himself in a Posture of Defence. Hold, (quoth the Captain,) for Curiosities sake I'll fulfil all thy Request; in the King of Kent's Name, my Royal Master, I plight thee my Faith, and before our Great God I vow to keep it intire. Orsamus remain'd amaz'd at his Answer, and after some Resolutions in his Spirit, (he replied,) Ha, King of Kent, said you? Come and finish what you have begun, for I'll never live to see that in another's Power, the Treasure in another's Custody, that is whole and intirely due to my Merits.

Scarce had these Words took a Farewel from his Mouth, but behold an Aged Old Man, with more haste than his many Years would permit him, made through the Crowd towards him, and being come something nearer, that he might be heard, with an Extasie of Joy he uttered these Words, (My Noble Lord Orsamus living, and found here! Heavens, you have satisfied my tedious Expectations!) And pausing a while with Admiration, he continued his Discourse, Sir, I am not so much lost unto your Memory, but you may remember one Willifrid. At this Orsamus recollecting himself, cried out, My Dear Father, Oh come into this Fatal Place that I may have this Happiness in Death, to die in the Defence of Two Persons that share my Soul
betwixt

betwixt them! Oh Sir! (replied the Old Man,) talk not of Death, we came in search of you only for your Safety, that I may make all this evident unto you, cease your *Admiration* for a Time. This said, and all continuing Silent, he proceeded as followeth.

Oswald, that Famous King of the Northumbers, had a Brother named Oswin, the only Successor to that great Kingdom; he was Married to a Noble Lady, by whom he had Issue, Egfrid the Elder, and Orsamus one Year younger; (so that you are not my Son, as hitherto you have esteem'd your self,) when that Fatal Battle of Mafferfield was fought by King Penda, the Tyrant of Mercia, against your Uncle Oswald, King of the Northumbers, in which Field he was slain, so weak were the Hopes of your Family, that I thought it great Wisdom and Thrift to preserve one alive, in spite of the Vicissitudes of Fortune, that there might not want one of that Family to sway the Scepter of the Northumbers. It was then uncertain whether Oswin your Father, or your Elder Brother Egfrid, had ended their Lives at that Moment; as soon as Tidings were brought of their Dismal Overthrow, I fled with you, being as then about Ten Years Old, unto the next Port Town, where I got Shipping, and escaped away, to find a more secure Sanctuary in another Country, than in our own, that I kept you from the Knowledge of your self, your Pardon; it was my Love that err'd, for I did conclude it would be Prejudicial. While we were sailing on the Ocean, as you well remember, there arose a mighty Tempest, that I imagin'd we escap'd Death on the Land, to receive it from that liquid Element; the Storm increased, and with it our Fears; the Skill of the Mariners was us'd in vain, so that being left to the Mercy of the Sea and Wind,

we

we were convoy'd unto unknown Parts; the Storm continued, so that about the Dawning of the Second Day we discern'd Land, and before ever we had Time to recollect upon what Shore we were cast, we grounded upon a Rock, so that the Ship burst into a Thousand Pieces; the little Time I had left I did consider of your Safety, so that tying Two Casks together, and seeing you safely on, I left you to the Mercy of the Sea, while I did provide for my own Security; neither could I find that you did relent so much at the Sense of Danger you were expos'd unto, as at your Parting from me; after much Danger of my Life, I secur'd me on a Piece of Timber that came from the broken Ship, but mine was driven a contrary Course unto that which you went, so that we soon separated a great Distance, so that I never saw you since, until this Moment. Sometime after your Father recovered, and took Possession of his Brother's Kingdom, and after I had made a strict inquiry about them Parts, where I conceived you were landed Ashore, and not finding you I imagin'd you had paid your Life as a Tribute unto the unmerciful Waves: So that I return'd home sorrowful into my own Country, and made this Relation unto your Father, who bitterly lamented your Loss; but Time at last put your Memory into Oblivion when we considered you were not among the Living.

Some Years had added themselves unto the Age of Time, when Fame proclaimed in our Country the Excellent Beauty of Cynthia, Daughter to the King of Kent; so much did the Report of this Fair Unknown seize your Brother Egfrid's Affections as he desired his Father to Treat of an Alliance with the King of Kent, by a Marriage with his Daughter; his Father, that after the Report of your Death, did prize him as the Apple of his Eye,
unwilling

unwilling to cross his Affections in a Cause so just, immediately accorded with his Desires, and chose me for that Embassy; so that well attended, in a few Days I arriv'd at Doroborina, the Regal City of Kent; in a small Time I was admitted to a Hearing, where I delivered the Sum of my Ambassage; hardly had I arriv'd unto the Period of my Commands, but with Tears in his Eyes he began as followeth.

' Sir, Some few Years ago, when my Felicity was more upholden by Fortune than at present, when I injoyed my Dearest Cynthia; for now she is not; or if she be, she is not to me; in a pleasant Morning, e'er Sol had cast his Rays from the East on the Mountain tops, she arose to injoy the Variety of the pleasant Spring, which Flora had cloath'd in her choicest Garb; the pearly Dew did yet hang on the Sweet Damask Roses, and the Infant Blossoms cast forth a pleasant Savour; the wild Choristers of the Wood made the Vallies ring with the Eccho of their delightful Notes; while her Contemplation was taken up on the musing of these Rarities, her Curiosity had brought her to a little Path, which led towards the Sea, which was not far from the Place where she then was; straying some small Way farther, and casting her Eyes on the Ocean, they encountred with an Object that at once parted her Admiration and Pity; she saw a Youth about her own Age, that had secured himself on Two Casks, and with his utmost Skill endeavoured to gain the Shore; Remorse is never wanting in so Tender a Breast, nor was it now Absent from hers; she commanded those Men that attended with all Expedition to make off, and save his Life,

and

‘and bring him unto her, having more tim-
‘rous Apprehensions of his Safety than at that
‘Time needed; her Commands were exactly
‘obey’d, so that by their Industry in a few
‘Moments they had secured himself Ashore, and
‘weak and feeble as he was, presented him be-
‘fore Cynthia; he stood as one amaz’d, gazing
‘on her Face a long Time, at last breaking Si-
‘lence he began as followeth. *Oh Heavens!*
Where am I cast? To what happy Shore am I brought?
Do the Deities transform themselves into the Shape
of Mortals to become my Preservers? Whatever
you be, (continued he,) with a Grace Majestick,
you can never make this Life you have preserv’d
Happy if you Divorce it from this Sweet Object.
‘This was spoken with an Action so becoming
‘that it was the Wonder of the Spectators.
‘This Discourse was as innocently taken as it
‘was spoken, and Cynthia answered it only with
‘a Smile, giving Commands they should shift off
‘his wet Cloaths, and attire him in New; tel-
‘ling him he should be hers, and wait on her.
‘He took his Leave with a profound Reve-
‘rence, and she left him to the Guard of her
‘Servants, and return’d to the Palace. The
‘Sun had not run many Hours in his Career
‘before this pretty Youth was again presented
‘unto Cynthia, array’d according to her Desire;
‘the Fear of Death being past, and his feeble
‘Spirits reviv’d by her Servants Care, his Vi-
‘gour returned to its former Lustre; the chang-
‘ing of his Habit made him appear so graceful,
‘that she could hardly perswade herself he
‘was the same, whom, a few Hours before, she
‘did behold in that forlorn Condition; so
‘much do Ornaments add to Exterior Beauty.
‘These Helps made her discover a new Mine
‘of

' of Masculine Beauties, which before, seem'd
 ' to have left their Habitation, so that she suf-
 ' fer'd him to gain Ground in her Affection, and
 ' a great Hold in her Esteem; I remember I
 ' was walking in my Palace Garden when Cyn-
 ' thia presented him unto me, after her Obser-
 ' vations paid, which were never wanting.
 Look here, Sir, ' said she, taking the Youth by
 ' the Hand, with a Smile sweetly Innocent,
 see how Fortunate I have been to Day by my early
 rising to be the Preserver of this pretty Lad, which,
 with your Consent, I would have to attend on me,
 since it is his Desire to spend his Life I so happily
 preserv'd in my Service. ' With this she related
 ' where, and how he came unto her Hands; I
 ' staid some time for an Answer, contempla-
 ' ting his Behaviour, and sweet becoming Gra-
 ' ces; methought I saw something in that
 ' Morning of his Age already risen of Maje-
 ' stick and Heroical. I question'd him of his
 ' Name, Country and Friends; he accosted me
 ' with a Garb wherein was nothing of Rustick,
 ' and with a stately Modesty he return'd me
 ' this Answer. Sir, my Name is Orsamus, my
 Father an Aged Old Man, which I fear (contin-
 ed he with a grievous Sigh) perish'd in the late
 Storm; my Country is far hence, in Parts unknown
 to me; for some Reasons unreveal'd my Father left
 it, and being Shipwrackt in the late Tempest, he se-
 cur'd my Safety upon Two Casks; many Hours I
 continu'd on the Waves, uncertain of Life, until I
 was cast on this happy Shore, and rescued from the
 Faws of Neptune by this Fair Divinity, in whose
 Service I should be too Happy were I assured of my
 Dear Father's Safety. ' At the Period of this
 ' Discourse he let fall a Shower of Tears to
 ' the Memory of so near a Loss; we comforted
 ' him

him with the most agreeable Words we could frame, telling him his Mistress would be to him instead of a Father; that if his Father were cast upon our Coast he should have Notice given of his Safety; he seemed much satisfied with this Discourse, which Contentment he expressed in his Countenance; for that Time he left me, and attended the Princess.

He was already become the Darling of the whole Court; every Day added to the Esteem he had already gotten, who all admir'd such uncommon Graces should bud in Years so Green; he had a Solidity that o'ertopt his Age; he was never hardly from *Cynthia's* Eye, nor indeed did she desire it, so that he seem'd to bound his whole Felicity in her Service; he waited upon her Walks and Recreations, but still kept himself about her with a profound Reverence; his Officiousness was such that all his Actions bespake him; he would not prize the dearest Good before the least and smallest Occasion to please her; he courted all Opportunities, Times and Places, to make it manifest; if she would retire herself into an Arbour, there would he charm sweet Sleep upon her Eye-lids with delightful Musick, in which Art he was very Excellent; and while she Slept he would remain a careful Centinel; the Princess, young as she was, did not bury these Services in Oblivion, but rated them at their true Value in her Breast, rewarding all with a grand Esteem, which was received by him as a Reward far exceeding his Merits; he could so sweeten his Discourse and Actions to so near a Sympathy, his Conversation being so Charming and Agreeable,

' able, that *Cynthia* was never satisfied when he
 ' was Absent; as his Years increas'd he bent his
 ' delight to Manly Exercises, so that many times
 ' his gallant Department in Publick Spectacles
 ' drew Admiration from all that did behold
 ' him; and e'er he had attained his Fifteenth Year
 ' he won the Prize in all those Exercises where-
 ' in Valour or Wit were needful: So that he be-
 ' came rarely skill'd in every Undertaking, to
 ' which his Vertuous Inclinations carried him.
 ' *Cynthia* counted that Day Happy wherein she
 ' found him, and my greatest Nobles became ena-
 ' mour'd of his Carriage, calling him the Fair
 ' Stranger; his Behaviour was so Free, Sweet,
 ' Generous and Obliging, that there was not one
 ' that envied his Happiness; nor was it a small
 ' Hold he had gotten in my Esteem.

' His Affairs stood thus in Court, when my
 ' Land was suddenly invaded by *Cevaline*, King of
 ' the *West-Saxons*; I rais'd an Army to oppose
 ' him as speedily as Time would permit me, and
 ' set forward to meet him; when this young No-
 ' vice, fir'd with Hopes of Action, to make Trial
 ' of his Valour, taking Opportunity when the Prin-
 ' cess was alone, he accosted her in this Manner.
Madam, I am too Happy in the Felicity you have
 raised me unto, in being your Servant, nor would I
 prefer my Life when I cease to be yours. But now
 Opportunity presents what perchance Fortune may
 never offer again; your Country is invaded by E-
 nemies, and I would desire your good Leave to ac-
 company your Royal Father in this Expedition a-
 gainst those Pagans that dare to commit so great
 a Sacrilege, where in the Field of Honour I may
 purchase some petty Trophies that may raise me to
 deserve that Esteem your Goodness has had for me.
 ' *Cynthia* having a while considered of his Re-
 ' quest,

‘quest, with an unusual Kindness in her Eyes
 ‘made this Reply. Yes, Orsamus, you have my
 free Leave to go; nor can I trust you better than
 with my Father; yet shall I tell you it is not with-
 out Regret I give you this Licence. Yet it is no
 small Hopes I promise my self from these early Begin-
 nings of your Bravery; go then and be Happy, for
 you shall never want the Prayers of your Mistress.
 Then (quoth he) in a Rapture, I dare Fortune to
 bring the least Obstruction to my Hopes. ‘This
 ‘said, he attended her to my Chamber, where
 ‘she made known his Resolution unto me; nor
 ‘could I disapprove the Gallantry of his Mind,
 ‘but commending his Forwardness, gave him my
 ‘Consent, ordering him always to be near my
 ‘Person; thus I parted from my Dearest Cyn-
 ‘thia, leaving her Rosie Cheeks bedew’d with
 ‘Pearly Tears for fear of the Dangers I expos’d
 ‘my self unto.

‘We marched forwards by unusual Journies
 ‘to hinder the Enemies Forraging of the Coun-
 ‘try, until at last we encamped upon a large
 ‘Plain, on the Frontiers of my Kingdom, call’d
 ‘Black-heath: Here we took the Advantage of
 ‘our Ground, and bad the Enemy Battle; it
 ‘was first begun by the Forerunners of our Ar-
 ‘mies, but at last our main Battles engag’d, and
 ‘the Fight became Bloody on both Sides, Victo-
 ‘ry as yet remaining doubtful to which side she
 ‘would incline; at last, by a violent Charge of
 ‘the Enemy, my Ranks were broken, and
 ‘my main Battle disorder’d, and spight of my
 ‘Guard I was taken Prisoner; this was no
 ‘sooner understood by Orsamus, but like a
 ‘young Mars, he rush’d into the midst of the
 ‘Throng, dealing Blows with so much Brave-
 ‘ry, that instead of making a Defence, his Acti-
 ‘ons

' ons were become the Admiration of the Behol-
 ' ders, to see one so Young become so resolute
 ' and daring; Five lay grovelling on the Earth,
 ' and Thought of Death made others keep at
 ' further Distance, thinking themselves Happy
 ' in avoiding his Fatal Sword, which never fell
 ' but performed dire Execution, that by their
 ' hasty Flight many Times his Blows only part-
 ' ed the brittle Air; he followed this Advan-
 ' tage with such good Success, that, spight of
 ' their Resistance, before they could secure me
 ' in the Body of their Army, he had remounted
 ' me upon his own Horse, mounting himself up-
 ' on one he had made Masterless, and by his Va-
 ' lour forc'd our Way, and secur'd me amongst my
 ' own Troops. Upon certainty of my Safety, my
 ' Men that began to leave the Field made a
 ' Brave Retreat, and renewed the Fight with so
 ' much Fury, that Victory declar'd wholly on
 ' our Side; but it came in Bloody Colours, with
 ' the loss of Twenty Thousand Men. *Cevaline* nar-
 ' rowly escap'd away, but his Brother was ta-
 ' ken Prisoner by *Orsamus*, and so were many
 ' other of his chiefeft Captains, so that very
 ' few escap'd away. When the Fight was end-
 ' ed I had *Orsamus* to my Tent, where I saw
 ' him Disarm'd, and some slight Wounds he
 ' had receiv'd dress'd by my own Surgeon; I
 ' caressed him with all the Endearments due to
 ' an only Son, Knighted him in the Head of my
 ' Army, conferr'd Honours on him I thought
 ' Youth might be ambitious of; he received
 ' all with a becoming Obedience, and a dutiful
 ' Respect; his Fortune did not make him Ar-
 ' rogant, but rather added to his Humility.
 ' After Rites due to the Dead were perform-
 ' ed, we marched Home Triumphant, with our
 ' Prisoners,

' Prisoners, the Trophies of our Victory, un-
 ' to this City; our Entrance was Magnificent,
 ' and this young Warriour accompanied me on
 ' my Right Hand; their Eyes were wholly fix-
 ' ed on him, their Praises were numberless,
 ' the Vows they made in his behalf were many,
 ' such as many times raised a fiery Blush in his
 ' youthful Cheeks; at last we arriv'd at the
 ' Palace, where we were received by Cynthia
 ' with many Expressions of Joy; I took her by
 ' the Hand, see here, my Dear Cynthia, said I,
 ' your Servant returns home safe, the Protector
 ' of your Father's Life, and your Countries
 ' Champion. *Orsamus*, (said she,) *I always ex-*
 ' *pected great Matters from your Valour, but those*
 ' *Actions be Excessive.* Madam, (replied *Orsamus*,)
 ' *Could you look for less from one that has the Ho-*
 ' *nour to be yours? 'Tis impossible you should pray*
 ' *and not receive the Fruition of your Wishes.*
 ' These Words were delivered with an Air
 ' repleat, and receiv'd by Cynthia with an Action
 ' wholly charming; he attended us in, where
 ' the residue of that Day I spent in giving Cyn-
 ' thia an exact Relation of the last Fight; all
 ' which begat *Orsamus* a greater Esteem in her
 ' Affection. I should be too Tedious should I
 ' relate the Discourse then passed, or the Vi-
 ' cissitudes that happened almost a Year after, but
 ' only tell you he remained beloved of
 ' all, and surely seated in Cynthia's Affecti-
 ' ons, where he Treasured up his whole Fe-
 ' licity.

' But it fortun'd soon after, although un-
 ' known to me, I became the Disturber of
 ' his Quier, and chief Occasion that he left my
 ' Court. It fell out thus; the *East-Angles* King,
 ' my Adjoining Neighbour, craved Cynthia in
 H Marriage

' Marriage by his Ambassador, for his Son Cor-
 ' dello; my Council advised me to grant his Re-
 ' quest; telling me, that by gaining so near an
 ' Ally I did secure my Kingdom the more
 ' firmly from Invasion; I condescended to their
 ' Advice, and concluded the Marriage with the
 ' said Ambassadors, telling them I would cele-
 ' brate their Nuptials in *Doroborina*; the Am-
 ' bassadors returned Home, and in a few Days
 ' after *Cordello* arriv'd with a great Train. The
 ' Day was appointed to join their Hands, all Ne-
 ' cessaries provided, yet by a sad Turn of Fortune
 ' it came to no Effect.

' After this Contract of Marriage *Orsamus*
 ' became possessed with an unusual Melancholy;
 ' he sought out Solitary Places wherein to
 ' spend his Time, a mortal Sadness was cha-
 ' ractered in all the Features of his Face, the
 ' whole Court concerned themselves in his
 ' Misfortunes, and my self was not the least;
 ' I oftentimes demanded of him from whence
 ' this Change did arise, but he never yielded
 ' me any account. This was soon taken notice
 ' of by *Cynthia*, so that being with him alone
 ' in the Garden Walks, taking Opportunity
 ' from those Heart-breathing Sighs that brake
 ' from the Closet of his Breast; *How now, Orsa-*
mus, (said she) why these Sighs? Wherefore
is your Countenances chang'd seeing you are not
Sick? What, have you let your self fall into a Di-
stemper below the Knowledge of your Mistress? Re-
veal it, that, if possible, I may procure a Reme-
dy. There spake, my Mistress, (replied Orsamus,)
yes, it is only you can yield a Remedy; you made
me happy only to be unfortunate; Oh that I had
been buried in the raging Waves, I should have
found a Resting-place in Elizium, and not have
died

died by a second Death, more violent and cruel than the first! Oh, Madam! (continued he,) Resolve me, must you be Married? Yes, (replied Cynthia, amazed at his Discourse,) it is so Decreed. Then farewell Hopes, (continued Orsamus;) now, Madam, you have provided a Remedy, Death and Despair will soon give a Period to my Life; but because I will accord with your Desire, that your Displeasure may hasten on the Death I so much desire, know, Madam, from that Moment you preserv'd my Life, until this Time, I have nourish'd a Passion for your Vertues, accompanied with such a Zeal as will follow my Ashes to the Grave; my Resistance and Reason became too weak to turn the Current of it, although I levied all the Power against you that was likely to present any Fruit or Hope, even in my greener Youth, which you know is apt to take home Objects to the Heart before it has weigh'd them; I endeavour'd to fortifie my Soul against the Force of Nature with an Opposition, under which I was like to fall your Sacrifice. I saw my Resolutions cowardly turn their Heads in the Combat against you; and though I call'd all the Knowledge that I ought to have of you and my self, to reinforce them, at last I found an absolute impossibility to hold up my Arms any longer. It was no blind Presumption that thrust me Headlong upon this Attempt, for I never found any thing in my Person or Services that might authorize my Boldness; 'tis a resistless Constraint that only Labours to excuse me. Seven long Years are now past and fled away since I have concealed this a Secret to my Bosom; the Summers scorching Heat, nor the tedious Winter Nights, or icy Frost, could e'er work the least Change; it was

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daily nourished by your Goodness, although innocently, until it came to its full Growth; whilst there was the least Hope it Thriv'd; nor did I ever complain; but to have Hope torn up by the Roots, to be confin'd never to see you more, is a Cruelty that cannot be borne with, I can welcome Death with less Repugnance. 'Here he continued silent.

'While Cynthia remained astonished at his Discourse, but at last recovering that Assurance she had lost the Time of his Discourse; *How now, Orsamus? (replied she,) Is it thus you pay your Respects unto me? Dare you raise your Ambition to the Daughter of a King? Or could you imagine I would ever own your Pretensions? I am sorry my Esteem should be thus lessened by your Folly, or that I should be forc'd to desire your Absence, because I would not be guilty of a Thing I cannot own; or if my Intentions or Inclinations could lean that way, it is impossible my Father should ever consent, whose Displeasure I would not gain to obtain the dearest Good; to put an end to those Dangers that this may occasion for the future I desire you from henceforth to avoid my Presence, since there is only this Means left to cure your Malady, while I restrain those innocent Familiarities have disturb'd your Quiet. Oh Madam! (quoth Orsamus, falling on his Knees,) Mitigate your Displeasure a little, there wanted only this to make me perfectly Wretched. It is decreed, (replied Cynthia with a Voice somewhat elevated, and Eyes beginning to kindle with Anger) and it behoves you not to dispute it. 'Saying this she left him without either Voice to speak, or Strength to follow her, unto so sad a Condition was he reduc'd: 'What his Complaints were after her Departure*

sure I cannot tell, but certain I am upon
 this Occasion he absented himself from Court,
 having first indited these Verses, and con-
 veyed them into her Cabinet, which was
 not hard for him to do, considering the Ac-
 cess and Liberty was always allowed unto
 him. Some few Hours after his Departure
 they came to Cynthia's Hands, and I think they
 spake these Words.

*Too Cruel Cynthia, for one small amiss
 To rob me of my better part of Bliss.
 Oh cruel Life! That's never freed from Fear,
 Preserv'd by Pity, ruin'd by Despair.
 I Love, and therefore from your Sight I go,
 Who can behold you and not love you too?
 'Tis all Mens Fault, but my too wretched Fate
 Makes only me the Object of your Hate.
 I lose your Presence by too much Respect,
 Others injry it only by Neglect.
 Oh dismal Grieffs that harbour in my Breast!
 My absent Joys beget me this Unrest.
 He that injoys a Bliss, injrys a Cross,
 That makes him treble wretched in the Loss.
 When Phœbus to our Sight doth disappear,
 The Night seems darker cause it once was here.
 Your Doom is past, I'll not dispute it now,
 But to your Sentence with Submission bow.
 Farewel, my dearest Mistress, stubborn Heart,
 Oh break when I pronounce this Word, (Depart :)
 Adieu, my chiefest Good; Oh let that Breath,
 That bids Adieu give Sentence to my Death!
 I talk of going, yet I slowly move,
 So weak does Reason to a Lover prove.
 This Dulness only speaks the want of Wit;
 I wish you Happy, yet would hinder it.*

*Enjoy your Wishes then, while wretched I
 Seek out an unfrequented Place to die ;
 So in my Death your Pity I may have,
 To make my Ghost rest quiet in the Grave.*

Orsamus.

' The sight of these Lines, and the absence
 ' of *Orsamus*, produced great Effects in the
 ' Breast of *Cynthia*; Discontent seated itself
 ' upon her Brow, the Carnations of her
 ' Cheeks began to abate, and the Lilies began
 ' to possess their Places; having demanded the
 ' Reasons of these sudden Effects, she made me
 ' a Discourse of all the Particulars that had
 ' fallen out betwixt *Orsamus* and herself, and
 ' the Occasion of his Absence; also shewing me
 ' these Verses I have rehearsed unto you. Look
 here, Sir, (said she,) see the Resolution of this Un-
 fortunate, occasioned by one hasty Word, which I
 fear will destroy what I so happily preserved; al-
 though the audacious revealing of his Love were an
 Offence, it was not of that degree to call his Life
 in question. Shall I tell you, (continued she,)
 from whom I do not conceal my closest Secrets, nor
 hide my dearest Resentments; had *Orsamus's* Love
 been authorized by your free Consent, I would have
 chosen him out of the Stock of Mankind; nor can
 I much offend in loving one that has been the Pre-
 server of your Life, and Safeguard of your King-
 dom. ' I could not much gain-say what she had
 ' said, for *Orsamus's* Vertues were so well
 ' grounded in my Breast, that oftentimes I
 ' have had some Thoughts my self to his Advan-
 ' tage, tending that Way; but as Things were
 ' now stated, I durst not make my Concerns
 ' known unto *Cynthia*, lest they might occasion
 ' some

' some Demurr. The Marriage-Day drew near
 ' at hand, and *Cordello* waited the Confirmati-
 ' on of his Nuptials, so that I could not go
 ' back from my Promise without provoking
 ' the *East-Angles* King to be my Enemy. This
 ' Consideration caus'd me to Cloud my Counte-
 ' nance over with a Frown. Fie, *Cynthia*, (re-
 ' plied I) forget this Man, one of so mean and
 ' low Condition; were his Birth any ways cor-
 ' respondent to mine, I think I should have ac-
 ' corded with thy Desires, had I known it be-
 ' fore this Contract with *Cordello*; but this has
 ' proceeded so far, that the deferring of it
 ' would endanger my whole Kingdom. Ba-
 ' nish this Miserable Man from thy Memory,
 ' and obey the Commands Imposed on thee by
 ' a Father and a King. *Cynthia* made no reply,
 ' but with a low Submission seem'd to consent
 ' with what I desir'd, and so left me, the Con-
 ' duits of her Eyes being ready to overflow
 ' their Banks. After her Departure I sent
 ' secret Spies through all Parts of my King-
 ' dom to search for *Orsamus*, with Com-
 ' mands if they found him to bring him back
 ' again; my Discontents came little short of
 ' *Cynthia's* for his Departure, for I could not
 ' so soon bury in Oblivion the Memory of so
 ' Brave a Man, to whose Valour I was so much
 ' oblig'd; his Absence wrought Effects upon
 ' my Soul, and his Merits had gotte a such sure
 ' footing in my Breast, that had not this Fatal
 ' Marriage been an Obstruction, I would have
 ' offer'd that into his Arms he so much desir'd,
 ' and I doubt not I should have found a clearer
 ' Satisfaction in his Person, than in the Possession
 ' of Royalties.

' For true Nobility was never begun but
 ' by Vertue: Nor is it as the vulgar Opinion of
 ' Men rate it, but it is only the Praise and Sir-
 ' name of Vertue: It is a miserable Folly to
 ' beg Esteem of Dead Men when we deserve
 ' none our selves; for the true Honour and
 ' Worship, saith a Wise Man, is the Vertue
 ' of the Mind, which Honour no Monarch
 ' can give thee, nor no Flattery or Money can
 ' purchase us: This Honour hath in it nothing
 ' feigned, nothing painted, nothing hid; of
 ' this Honour there is no Successor, no Accuser,
 ' no Defiler; this Honour is not varied, nor
 ' it esteemeth not the Favour or Disfavour of
 ' Princes; it is only Vertue makes a difference
 ' betwixt the Vulgar and Brave Heroick Souls.
 ' Nature makes no difference, as these Verses
 ' briefly express.

*As little Trees that in a Valley grow,
 Shadow'd by others of a greater height,
 Whose spreading Branches cover all below,
 Hiding those little Cyons out of sight;
 Replant these Plants unto a Soil more free,
 Each little Shrub will grow a lofty Tree.*

*All Men one Mother have, and that is Earth,
 Nature to all Kind Priviledges gave;
 She makes no Man superior in his Birth,
 Nor Death does make no difference in the Grave.
 But Fortune's Darling smaller Shrubs do sway,
 That Spirits have and Souls as good as they.*

*Wisdom enobles not the Royal Womb.
 Good Deeds be Lawrel Crowns that ever flourish;
 Vertue's a Pyramid, and lasting Tomb,
 Such a Memento as can never Perish;*

This

*This makes Brave Souls to soare about the rest,
As Reason makes a Man excel a Beast.*

*Awake my Soul, and fix thy Thoughts above;
Unto a higher Region take thy Flight;
Mount like the Morning Lark, or Harmless Dove,
Above the various Change of Fortune's Spight.*

*Slight such vain Earthworms as Repose a Trust
In windy Honours, or in fading Dust.*

' Princes should be Patterns of Vertue to
' them over whom they Rule, for most People
' take their Rulers as a Glass to examine them-
' selves by; so let the Prince be Vicious, the
' People shall not be Vertuous over whom he
' rules; for they think they cannot be better;
' than to regulate their Actions by their Prince's;
' this Consideration should be of force enough
' to induce Princes so to live that their Vertu-
' ous Actions may shine in the Eyes of their Sub-
' jects, that they should nourish budding Ver-
' tue, and protect it in a Cottage as well as in
' a Palace, for the Diamond is of as much value
' worn by a Poor Man, as upon the Finger of the
' Rich.

' I have the more enlarged my self on this
' Subject, (*continued he,*) because I apprehend
' my Neglect in rewarding Vertue occasion-
' ed these Misfortunes that suddenly betel
' me. But to my Discourse again, from which
' I fear I have too long detained you. My
' Spies returned Home again without bring-
' ing the least Intelligence of Orsamus's abode;
' this being revealed unto Cynthia, added much
' unto her Grief; as Orsamus before had done,
' she sought out Solitude, she; refrained Compa-
' ny, but when Decency requir'd it; she Shunn'd

all Divestifements that might Charm her Melancholy, so that she brought herself wholly to an Estate of Pity and Compassion; I beheld this Vicissitude with a mortal Vexation, and gladly would have procured a Remedy if with safety I could have purchased it.

Time flew away with exceeding Swiftness, and the Sun had but one Career to run before the Day of Marriage approach'd; and being unwilling at such a time she should be a desperate Thing, wholly made up of Sorrow, I caused a stately Banquet to be prepared in a Garden I had abutting to the Sea-side, environed by an unfrequented Wood, so situated that Nature and Art both endeavoured to make it a Nonparil; it was here I recreated my self when my Business at Court would permit my Absence; it was illustrated with many spacious Houses of Pleasure, adorn'd with *Flora's* fairest Treasury, or what more fair that the Spring could produce, whereunto frequented a Melodious Consort of the wild Choristers of the neighbouring Woods. Variety of Objects will dissipate the deepest Sadness, but it produced no Effects in the Soul of *Cynthia*, for thither I came with her, attended by *Cordello*, who accompanied us with a great Train. Our Banquet was ended, and the Sun began to decline towards the Western World, when we all betook our selves, each to those Pleasures the Mind best affected; *Cordello* remained with me, and *Cynthia*, accompanied only with her usual Attendance, directed her Walk to that part of the Garden abutting to the Sea; she hardly approached unto the utmost Bounds of the Garden, but she

‘ she gave a Caution to her Servants to keep
‘ at a distance; these Commands were com-
‘ mon with her when she desired to retire her-
‘ self from Company, so that she was exactly
‘ obey’d; scarce, by the turning of some Al-
‘ leys, had she concealed herself from their
‘ sight, but by a small Passage, that gave en-
‘ trance into the Wood, she gave an Exit to
‘ the Garden, where she strayed the better part
‘ of an Hour before her Attendance would
‘ break the Bounds of those Commands she had
‘ imposed on them; at last the Care of her
‘ Safety had precedency before their Breach of
‘ Duty, and they followed the same Path they
‘ saw her take, but they could not find what
‘ they sought; by the Passage that they found
‘ open they all agreed she had willingly stray-
‘ ed in the Woods; they once resolv’d to fol-
‘ low her, but better Reason dissuaded them;
‘ the Turnings were so intricate, that being
‘ once entred it is possible they might soon-
‘ er lose themselves, than recover their absent
‘ Mistress; these second Thoughts directed them
‘ to give me notice of her Departure; this
‘ News seized my Soul like a Thunder-clap;
‘ still Things became worse and worse; each
‘ Particular foreshewing an unhappy Augury
‘ to ensue; nor did my Apprehensions fail me,
‘ for that I was afraid of soon came unto me,
‘ and the Thing which I did dread came upon
‘ me like a Tempest; upon these Tidings
‘ in a Moment we dispersed our selves into
‘ all Parts of the Wood, promised great Re-
‘ wards to him that could bring me the first
‘ Tidings of her Safety; scarce a Thicker in
‘ the Wood was left untrac’d, and as far as
‘ we could conceive all our Labours would
‘ become

' become fruitless, when it was *Cordello's* hap
 ' to find her sitting alone on the outside of
 ' the Wood. He made towards her, and seat-
 ' ed himself by her Side; hardly had any Dis-
 ' course pass'd between them, but there issued
 ' out of the Adjacent Wood a Man that bent
 ' his Steps towards the Water-side, but see-
 ' ing her sit there, altered the Course of his
 ' Design; he cast himself at her Feet, and was
 ' soon known to be the absent *Orsamus*; after
 ' many Complaints that she was Cruel, sea-
 ' soned with so many Tears as would have
 ' produced Pity in a Barbarian's Heart, his
 ' Carriage and Actions so desperately amaz'd
 ' *Cynthia* that she had not force enough for a
 ' Reply; at last he resolv'd in desperate
 ' manner to Sacrifice the last part of his
 ' Life to his Love; he drew his Sword, the
 ' Sight and Fear of which cast *Cynthia* into a
 ' deadly Trance; he had made that Place the
 ' Tragick Scene of his Revenge on *Cordello* if
 ' his Attendants had not fortunately made in
 ' and rescued him from his Hands, and all at
 ' once assaulted him; Five had their Passports
 ' for the other World, and no doubt the
 ' Company that continually increased had
 ' put a Period to his Life, had not a strange
 ' Turn of Fortune preserv'd him. From forth a
 ' small Creek thereunto adjoining issued out
 ' Sixteen Pirates, at the sight of which he
 ' that assaulted *Orsamus* fled away, but he
 ' made good his Defence against them all for
 ' the Safety of *Cynthia*. Too late I had News
 ' of this, for I made to the Place with what
 ' Power I had, but I saw nothing but half a
 ' Score Men lying Dead on the Ground. A-
 ' mongst those that lay wallowing in their
 ' Gore

'Gore there was one that began to recover a
'little, and was so well followed by my Servants
'that his Senses returned unto him. I promised
'him his Life on condition he would give me
'a true Relation what they were. After a Sigh
'or two as Prologue the wounded Man began
'as followeth.

*My Country is Norway, and the Commander
of these Men with whom I came ashore is Al-
merin, the Famous Rover of these Northern
Parts, and his Protector is the King of Nor-
way; I believe the Name of Almerin is not
unknown to the Inhabitants of Albion, but his
Robberies keep it always green in Memory; un-
der his Conduct Sixteen of us came ashore, and
were bravely repulsed by one single Man, who made
his Defence good against us all, for the preserving
of a Lady that lay Senseless on the Ground; Three
of my Companions besides my self lay grovelling
in their Blood at his Feet, which sight incensed
Almerin to a speedy Revenge, that they rushed
upon him on all Parts with such Rage and Force
that it seemed impossible he should make any longer
Resistance; in fine, they seized him, and convoy'd
both him and the Lady aboard our Vessel, which
lay in a small Creek not far distant off, from
whence no doubt they have put off to Sea. This
is all the Account I can give you; for your Pardon
of my Life it is of no Value, since my Pass is
sign'd for the other World; Kings may take Life
away, but they cannot command a Soul to stay
when her Date is expired; such is mine, Oh King!
(Continued he,) you cannot give what you dare
not promise your self; I am going the Way of all
Mortals; in Death there is no difference; my
Soul is ready to take her last Adieu; Oh let my
Death be a Glass to shew what I was, and what
you*

you must shortly be! Saying this, Life gave an Exit indeed, and left his Body breathless on the Ground.

‘ Scarce had I unfixt my Eyes from this
 ‘ Object of Mortality, and cast them to-
 ‘ wards the Ocean, but behold I saw the
 ‘ Snip that contained all my worldly Joys
 ‘ going before the Wind with full Sails,
 ‘ wasting away my Soul; how often did I
 ‘ wish some Remora would retard her haste,
 ‘ or that *Aeolus* would obstruct its Flight? But
 ‘ my Prayers and Sighs were turn’d to Air,
 ‘ from whence they were framed, and pro-
 ‘ duced no Effects; I gave Command to sever-
 ‘ al Vessels to follow this Pirate, but all
 ‘ Things agreed to further his Escape. The
 ‘ Night became exceeding dark, and there a-
 ‘ rose a mighty Storm, so that he was convoy-
 ‘ ed to unknown Parts, far from my Country;
 ‘ my Ships were dispersed by the Tempest, and
 ‘ most of them are return’d Home without Ti-
 ‘ dings. This, Sir, is one reason I cannot accord
 ‘ with your Master’s Desires; and the other is,
 ‘ were she here I could not without breach of
 ‘ Honour break my Promise to *Cordello*.; al-
 ‘ though, shall I tell you, I hold him not fit to
 ‘ enjoy such a Treasure, because he had not Rea-
 ‘ son to prize the Worth of what he would pos-
 ‘ sess; these be the Causes that inforce me not
 ‘ to agree with his Request, whose Alliance I
 ‘ should otherways court, being far above my
 ‘ Hopes.

Here, Sir, (continued Willifride,) the King
 ended his Story, which I harkned unto with
 Astonishment; at last recollecting my Spirits, Sir,
 (replied I,) your Discourse gives me great Cause
 of Wonder and Pity; and perhaps my Concern-
 ments

ments in your disastrous Story will not vail or become inferior to your Resentment, I Pity Poor Orsamus's Misfortunes with as much Regret as you have Sorrow for your Daughter's; but before I proceed tell me one Thing truly, I see you prize Orsamus's Vertues at their full Value in your Thoughts, should his Birth be as Illustrious or more Sublime than his Vertues would you deny him your Daughter in Marriage, if Heaven should be so benevolent to send them both to your Hands? 'Would', (replied the King, expecting the Period of my Discourse,) 'could I expect Heaven 'would be so fortunate unto me, his Person 'and Merits, without addition of Honours, 'should gain Precedency in my Breast before 'all Men. I was much satisfied at the freeness of his Discourse, and return'd him this Answer; Know, Sir, Orsamus is of Royal Blood, second Son to my Master, the Mighty King of the Northumbers, by Casualty Shipwrack'd on your Coast; I gave him a Relation of what already you have heard, which augmented his Admiration and Satisfaction, confirming him in his Resolves. This Discourse was about Three Days after your Departure from the Kentish Coast. I comforted him in what measure I might, telling him I would return to my Master, to give him this Intelligence of those many strange Adventures, from whence I would set out with a Ship well mann'd in pursuit of the Pirate, and that if I miss'd of him I would go unto the King of Norway, and demand them of him, and if he refus'd their Delivery, to arm most of the Kingdoms of Albion in his behalf that had been disadvantaged by his Robberies; he seem'd much satisfied with what I had propos'd, not making any Demurr against any Thing I had deliver'd; for that time we brake off our Discourse,

course, and began to fall to Action; he bestowed many Rich Presents on me, fitted out this Ship we are now in; for my better Accommodation in my Passage dispatched this Noble Commander as his Ambassador, with full Power to confirm whatever we had, or for the Future should agree upon for the recovery of you and his Daughter; the Wind blowing fair we put off from Shore, and gave a Farewel to the King, bidding him not doubt of good Success. In fine, we had a nimble Passage into our own Country, where I Landed, and gave your Father an Account of your Safety, and what else seemed satisfactory to your Discovery; your Father rejoiced much at the Tidings of your Safety, according with the King of Kent in all his Requests, for they were equally concern'd in each other's Disasters.

Hardly were Commands issued out for a Preparation, but a Ship that came into our Harbour brought News that Almerin was off at Sea, and that they narrowly escaped his Hands; this Opportunity would admit of no delays, which this Brave Captain conceiving, requested the Command of the Ship we are now in, and had his Desire granted; in a Moment it was strongly Mann'd with our own Men, who freely offered their Lives to redeem their Prince, with their Cheerful Acclamations foretelling a prosperous Omen; my self, though Age would have excused it, accompanied this Noble Man; the thought of your Welfare extinguishing the Imagination of my own Danger; thus we made off to Sea, accompanied with one Ship more, which was severed from us in the late Storm. Four Days had not yet passed away since I left our own Country, in which time Heaven has been so kind to make me your Preserver; now what rests there behind, but that we return to your Father and Brother,

Brother, who thinks himself fortunate enough in your Life, and resigns his unseen Mistress unto you, as a Reward only due to your Merits, and from thence unto the King of Kent, to make him happy in a Daughter, as your Father in his Son? For by your Discourse I understand she is with you in the Cabbin.

This is the full End and Period of what I have to reveal unto you, the chief of which you have been an Actor in your self; yet I have not been observant to abbreviate what you know, more than that which till this Moment was a Secret unto you; but I have kept such a Method, that in giving you the Relation of what you know not, I have also satisfied those your Preservers, that until this time have been almost ignorant of the Adventures of your Life, and cleared your Breast of all Scruples and Doubts that might make a Demur against the Verity of what I have related, for which Causes only I did enlarge my self, and to satisfy you why I have made this Digression.

Here Willifride ended his Discourse, when those that environed Orsamus casting themselves at his Feet cried out, Long live our Prince Orsamus! Long live our Prince Orsamus! Orsamus cast away his Weapon, and ran and imbraced Willifride as the Chief Author of his Happiness; the Caresses and Endearments that passed between them were many; the Captain congratulated his Happiness; there was not the meanest Soldier in the Ship but interested themselves in this Fortunate Change. After Orsamus had spent some small Time in these Transports, he left Willifride and the Captain, and again entered the Cabbin, where he found his Dearest Cynthia

thia hardly recovered from her former Fears, musing what the Event of so desperate a beginning might fortune to be, he gave her a brief Relation of all that had passed, from which *Cynthia* received much delightful Satisfaction; at the Conclusion of which he cast himself at her Feet; 'See, Madam, (continued he,) Gods and Men agree to make me happy, if my dearest Princess do not Vote me miserable, for the Knowledge of my Self, and my Life so strangely preserved, would become unpleasant, should they not raise me to some Esteem in your Affection.

'Rise, *Orsamus*, (said she,) and believe I rated your Virtues at their full Worth in my Esteem, and this Discovery has added nothing to the Value I always had for you; and since my Father owns your Pretensions, without whose Seal I can make no Assurance, if the perfecting of your Felicity depend on my Disposal, the Conquest of my Obstinacy will be but a small Obstruction to your Content. Oh fortunate *Orsamus*, (replied he,) Oh what a Day was here! How wisely does Heaven provide to make me happy! I find my Princess kind, I've found a Life, a Father, a Brother, and a Friend! What could Fortune have done more in the perfecting of my Happiness, or making an addition to my Felicities? Man's Joys never come to perfection till heightened by a Surprise; the Sun shines most clear through a Cloud; and that Joy rises most glorious that breaks through Fears; for there is nothing more endears a Good than to contemplate the Difficulty we have to attain it. This Discourse being over, *Orsamus* and *Cynthia* left the Cabin, whose Beauty was the Admiration of all that did behold

hold her, and claimed Obedience, as Tribute from all Hearts; and the Respect there shewed her was not inferior to those she received in her Father's Court; the Captain fell at her Feet, paying his dutious Observances to his Princess: They consulted with him and *Willifride* what course they should shape for the future; at last it was resolved to Steer their Way towards the Kingdom of *Northumberland*, and it was soon put into Execution; the Ships were cleansed of the dead Carcasses; *Almerin's* Body with the rest, was committed unto the Waves, and this was the miserable End of that wretched Man.

Neptune grew pliant, and *Auster* with a pleasant Gale did sweetly swell their Canvas Wings, that they seemed to fly; with such swiftness did this happy Bottom speed them away, so fortunate were they in their Voyage, as that in less time than they expected they discovered their own Coast, where they soon landed, and bent their Journey to the Regal City, where being arrived, they made themselves known unto the King, who was almost ravished with Joy in the sight of his long lost Son; his Brother caressed him, his Friends welcomed him, nor could there be a Parallel to his Entertainment; the Relation of which I abbreviate, and remain silent: Words are not full enough to express their Content, for Language is too narrow to cloath great Passions. I shall only give the Reader this Caution, that there was nothing wanting to express their Joy more intire. *Cynthia* had such Respects paid her as were peculiar to so Rare a Creature; such deep Impressions can Vertue and Beauty make on Illustrious

lustrious and High-born Spirits; because they would not disturb their Happiness by a sudden Journey, they sent a Messenger express to the King of *Kent*, to certify him of his Daughter's Safety, and to give him Advice, that in a few Days time *Oswin* would be with him in *Doroborina*, accompanied with his Two Sons, and his Fair Daughter *Cynthia*, to Celebrate *Orsamus*'s Nuptials; the Messenger was received with all Joy and Respect, and returned well rewarded; Preparations were made on all Parts for a Triumphant Entrance; at the time limited *Oswin* came, and was received with all the Acclamations of Joy could be expressed, the Bells cast their resounding Eccho on all Parts of the City, and the Bonfires seemed to contest for Splendor with the Planet that rules the Night; the Spectators were numberless that came to behold their lost Princess, and their Welcomes made a thundring Noise on all Parts; never was an Entry made into that City more stately. Thus they were attended to the Palace, where *Cynthia* cast herself at her Father's Feet, and was raised by the Old King with excessive Ravishment; the Embraces and Kisses he bestowed on her were manys nor did they pass unaccompanied without some Tears of Joy.

These Endearments being passed, he embraced the *Northumbers* King, who stood ready to receive him; then *Egfrid*, and lastly, *Orsamus*, whom he caressed with Endearments peculiar to an only Son, still calling him his Preserver. *Orsamus*, (said he,) Now the time is come to reward your Merits, with what is most dear and precious unto me, for indeed all other Recompences were inferior to your Deserts, *Orsamus* would have replied to this obliging Language, but they were disturbed

disturbed by the Company that approached. *Wilfride* came to kiss his Hand, with that Noble Captain of the Ship that so fortunately rescued *Cynthia*.

What shall I say? The Salutations on all Parts were numberless, and the Welcomes infinite, while Supper lasted, which ended, and their high Flood of Joy being somewhat dissipated, they resolved about *Orsamus's* Marriage, whose Happiness was deferred no longer than till the next Day, which soon arrived, *Phœbus* hastning his Race with his swiftest speed, unwilling his Absence should defer their Delights, or perhaps longing to behold the Royalties of so Glorious a Day.

Cynthia was attired that Day in a Gown resembling the Colour of the Azure Sky, more Fair than that Divinity that ravished *Endymion*; her Head was adorned with Jewels, which cast a Lustre on all Parts where she went; yet was that Splendor darkned by the Transcendent Rays that pierced from her Eyes, than which nothing was more penetrating; she was the only Object of all those Eyes that beheld her that Day, and happy did he count himself that could gain a sight of this surpassing Beauty; for nothing was wanting to make that Amiable which, alas, was too Lovely of itself.

Now the Hour approached wherein *Hymen* must do his Duty in knitting this Happy Knot. *Orsamus*, with his Beloved *Cynthia*, accompanied with the Two Kings and Prince, attended by the Nobility of both Kingdoms, followed by an infinite Number of Spectators; after some small time had passed away they arrived at the great Temple of the City, where the Bishop stood ready to join their Hands, which Ceremony performed

formed with great Magnificence, they returned to the Palace. It would ask too long a time to describe the Entertainment they received Homewards; many stately Pageants were erected, where the Gods and Goddesses seemed to descend, and in Heroick Poems to describe their strange Adventures: Many Rich Presents were offered by the Citizens, wherein they did express the Gratefulness of their Hearts. In fine, nothing was left undone that could speak their Joy more absolute; the residue of that Day was spent in Masks and Plays, in all the Delights and Merriments the Heart of Man could fancy.

Phœbus necessitated, gave a Farewel to this upper World, yet not before he had charged his Sister *Cynthia* to attend at *Cynthia's* Nuptials, which she duly performed; for never was there seen a fairer Night, where the Heavenly Spangles were evident to the Eye, while *Diana* ran her Career in Glory, perhaps to vie Splendor with *Cynthia*, whose Happiness she began to envy. The Time drew near when *Morpheus* with his Leaden Mace approaches, commanding to Rest; upon which Notice given, *Cynthia* was conducted by her Royal Attendance to her Bed, after whom followed *Orsamus*, accompanied by the Two Kings, who saw him lodged by her Side; and giving them the Good-night, not without the Blushes of *Cynthia*, left them unto their Rest, or to the Possession of those Pleasures the Stock of Mankind might envy him; and here I would rest and continue silent, but that my Genius directs me a little further, to give you notice, that so true an Affection might be compleat, Heaven was pleased to bestow on their first Year a Son, and on the second a Daughter, which heir'd all

all the Perfections and Features of her Mother; Orsamus and Cynthia loving and living in such Felicity and true Affection, as every Day seem'd their Marriage Day, and every Night a fresh Rivalry of Delight; Cynthia living in Orsamus, and Orsamus bounding his whole Felicity in Cynthia.

*After a Storm the Sun more bright appears;
That Joy is greatest that is rais'd from Fears;
And built on Hopes doth chiefest Comfort bring;
A cruel Winter makes a lovely Spring.
Adversity makes Men esteem of Wealth;
He that hath Sickness had doth prize his Health.
The sence of Woe adds Pleasures to the Joys;
Still to be Happy Happiness destroys.
Excess of Dainties soon will glut the Taste;
Felicity were Sorrow should it last.
Things that are dearest bought we most do prize,
And Joys kept down by Sorrows highest rise.
This is the Comfort most true Lovers find,
Their Hell is first, their Heaven is behind.*

FINIS.

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